Week ending April 30 1955 Every Wednesday Fourpence

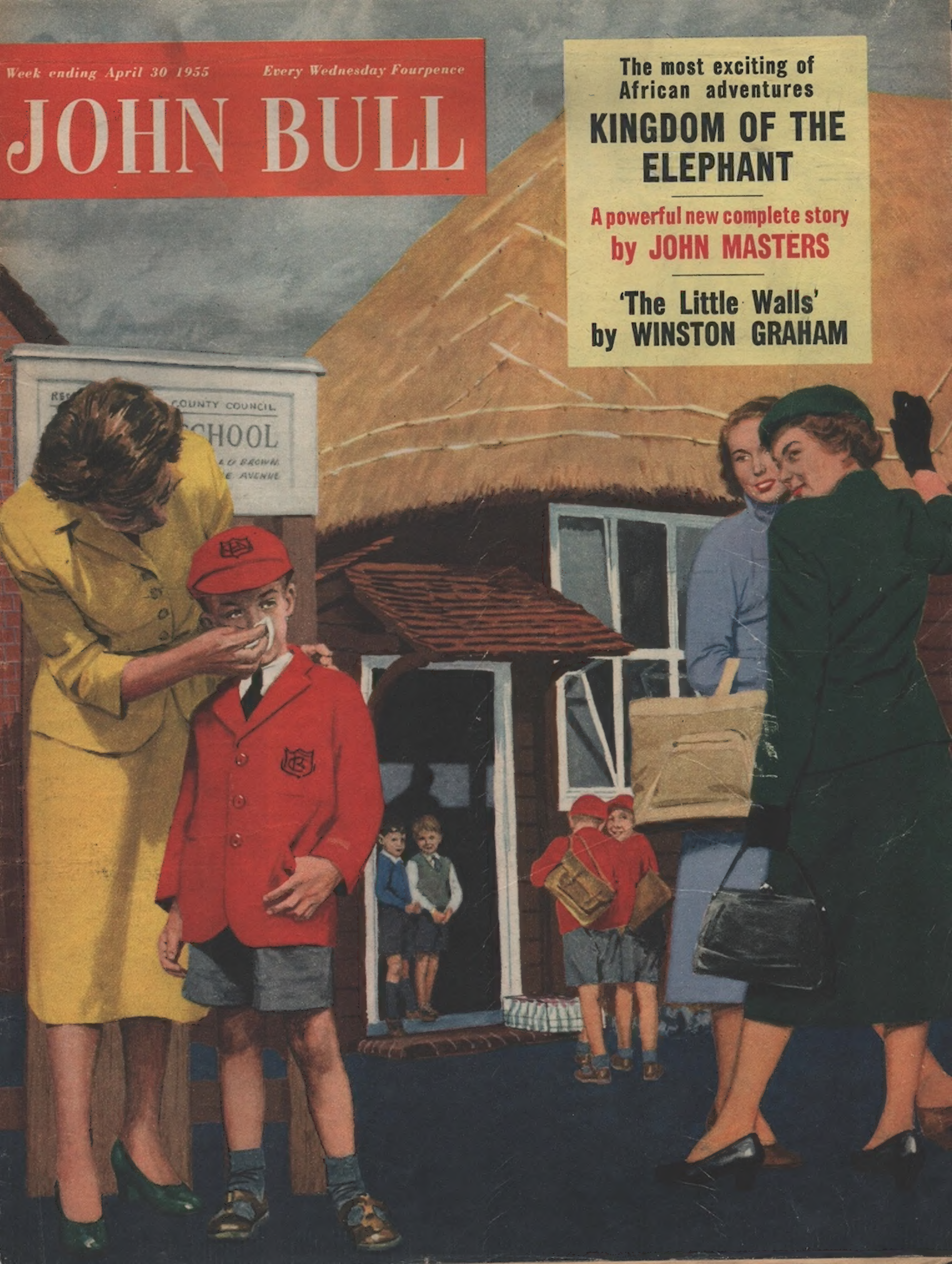
JOHN BULL

The most exciting of African adventures

KINGDOM OF THE ELEPHANT

A powerful new complete story by JOHN MASTERS

'The Little Walls' by WINSTON GRAHAM



FRESH, TEMPTING SNACKS *find ready appetites, especially when they're served with a smile and a glass of good wholesome beer. Lunchtime or evening you can spend a refreshing hour in 'The Local', in more senses than one.* (Left) *In cool cellars, busy landlords like him make sure that good beer is on tap in plenty.*

A PINT OF THE BEST *coming up for a thirst that will do it full justice. No matter what variety or brew you choose you'll find no more satisfying or wholesome drink in the world than good British beer. And no better place to enjoy it than in ' The Local '.*

MOST FRIENDLY HOUSE IN THE WORLD — *bar none !*

Photographed by BERTRAM FOLLETT

IT IS NEVER very far from you, wherever you live, or travel, in this island of ours. You will find it, snug and smiling, among lime-washed cottages in the West; timbered and thatched in the South and East; of weathered stone in the North.

Small and old in country villages or new and shiny beside the by-pass, it goes by many quaint names and queer signs. But the warmth of its welcome never varies, for the tradition of hospitality survives untarnished in the British ' Local '. In its cheerful atmosphere no man feels a stranger for long. Good beer and good company await all comers till the law calls ' Time '.

ROMANCE *and a Hunting Horn caught together by the camera in a quiet corner. When eyes meet over raised glasses there's a gleam in them even brighter than the sparkle in good light ale.*

ALL THE LATEST ! *Whether it's the football results or the Judge's summing up at the Old Bailey, you get the latest news in ' The Local '. And there's always good beer for consolation or celebration.*

Revive on it, thrive on it
Feel more alive on it —

Good wholesome Beer

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EDITORIAL

Housewife's holiday

MRS. GULLBORG NYBERG recently brought an interesting idea to Britain from her native Norway. It is that housewives should be entitled to holidays with pay.

In Britain, housewives are not even entitled to pay for working, let alone for holidays. But in Scandinavia, holidays are now being organized for them, and the State is helping to meet the bills. Last year, 23,000 Swedish housewives got free holiday travel, with free lodging for most of them. In Norway the number was nearly ten thousand.

"Every housewife who needs a holiday should be entitled to have one," says Mrs. Nyberg, who is chief woman officer of the Norwegian Trades Union Congress. "We hope to expand our holidays-for-housewives scheme until everyone who wants to can benefit by it."

NORWAY has 800,000 housewives out of a population of 3,400,000. This year the Norwegian Government is to give £40,000 towards their holidays. The State Holiday Fund goes to several voluntary organizations, which put up as much money as they receive from the State.

MRS. NYBERG
A new idea from Norway

Naturally, most of the State-aided holidays go to housewives who could otherwise not afford them. But in Norway a woman need not be poor to benefit. If she is worn out with caring for a large family, she can get a holiday with a doctor's certificate. She must go for at least two weeks, and she can take small children with her; they will be looked after by the hostel staff while she rests.

Norwegians do not regard this as a charity, but as an effort to safeguard the health of the country's largest and least privileged class of workers.

In Sweden, a bigger country, the government will contribute £200,000 this year to housewives' holidays. Local councils make grants, too. The Swedes impose a means test; the family must not have a weekly income over £7, or own property worth more than £3,500.

HOUSEWIVES in Britain get just as tired and in need of rest as those in Scandinavia. Our towns are full of homes whose happiness is marred by the fatigue of mothers struggling to cope with children, with chores in badly planned houses, with worries.

Britain, too, has plenty of organizations which could undertake this holiday job—the Women's Voluntary Services, for example, or the Trades Union Congress, or the Women's Institutes.

It would not cost much to launch this service for the housewives of Britain. Who will formulate a national plan?

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Q: *Whose job is civil defence now?*

A: Yours — and everybody's. In an H-bomb war we'd all be in it – civilians and armed forces alike

Q: *How would the armed forces help?*

A: All men and women in the Services are now to be trained in civil defence. And a Mobile Defence Corps of rescue and fire-fighting columns, 48 battalions strong, is being formed to bring swift and powerful support to the local civil defence services.

Q: *What would civilians have to do?*

A: What thousands of men and women are already training to do—save the trapped, give first aid to the injured, and fight the fires. As local volunteers, their knowledge of the area and people would be vital to the mobile columns. And there are many other jobs that only civilians could do.

Q: *What sort of jobs?*

A: Such things as carrying out evacuation before an attack, feeding and housing evacuees, looking after those who were made homeless, caring for the injured and getting them to hospital.

Q: *So what do we do now?*

A: We must train. We must learn how to help ourselves and each other. Many thousands are doing just that, in the Civil Defence Corps and Auxiliary Fire Service. **Many thousands more are needed. Go to your local council offices or fire station and join now. Show any potential aggressor that Britain has the will to survive.**

Civil Defence — YOUR PART in the nation's defence

ISSUED BY H.M. GOVERNMENT

How to win a little girl's heart

AT BIRTHDAY-TIME OR ANY OTHER TIME

Price 47'6

The CINDERELLA wrist-watch is the perfect present for the younger girl. She'll love this pretty watch when she opens its gay gift box and sees it nestling in a glass slipper. Like all TIMEX watches the Cinderella has the famous *V-Conic shock-resistant movement* which cannot be over-wound. The TIMEX CINDERELLA wrist-watch in its lovely gift box is Fully Guaranteed and it costs only 47/6d. from your jeweller's.

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FULLY GUARANTEED

AND FOR THE BOYS

HOPALONG CASSIDY wrist-watch — chrome case, dustproof seal, unbreakable glass and decorated tough leather strap. Message in Hoppy's own handwriting engraved on the back. In gift box containing realistic miniature saddle. Fully Guaranteed. **47/6d.**

SPACE TRAVEL wrist-watch — a fascinating new model, packed in an exciting gift box containing a FREE Inter-planetary Compass. Stainless steel back and expanding wrist-band. Fully Guaranteed. **47/6d.**

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Why Mummy...
. . . why does the clock tick?
"With every swing of the pendulum, dear, the hands move on slightly while the cogwheels inside go round. As one of the wheels turns, step by step, it makes the friendly tick-tock we hear as time slips by."
Mansion Polish saves time— it's so easy to use and its lustrous shine lasts and lasts. Mansion also preserves the woodwork and it's economical, too.
Do you prefer a perfumed polish? Then naturally the scent of roses will be your choice.
ROSE Perfumed MANSION
Price 1/3d.

MANSION POLISH

for floors, furniture and linoleum

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APRIL 30 1955 VOL. 97 NO. 2548 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Nothing new in the playground

SINCE my daughter started school, she has brought home some odd snippets of doggerel. The latest one has a local flavour.

Mrs. Mason broke a basin
On the way to Bromley Station.
She did buy another basin
With a Chinese decoration.

Another rhyme, which she produced several days ago, is about Mickey Mouse.

Mickey Mouse is dead,
Lying on his bed.
Cut his throat
With a ten bob note,
Poor old Mickey's dead.

I remember chanting this verse twenty years ago—only then it was about Valentino. My mother says that she remembers it from her own schooldays, with Jack the Ripper's name inserted.

My husband and I wonder if Mrs. Mason is an original, local character, or if there are, in fact, no new children's rhymes.—MRS. D. P. M., Bromley, Kent.

"Mrs. Mason and her basin are at least seventy years old and crop up all over the country," says Peter Opie, who with his wife compiled the Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes. "New rhymes are very rare, and, in any case, they are not invented by children. Many come from old music hall songs and fashionable society ditties. A current verse about Marilyn Monroe used to be sung about Lottie Collins, the music hall star."

Chain Reaction

MOTORISTS may be interested in a preventive for car sickness now used in Australia.

During a dry spell in Melbourne, drivers trailed lengths of chain from

their cars to earth static electricity. They found that passengers who were usually car sick were no longer ill.—MISS I. CARTER, Coburg, Australia.

"Static electricity on its own does not cause car sickness," says a doctor, "but it may well cause people who are nervous or have over-eaten to be ill. This preventive probably works in many cases."

Breeding Tells

GIMBEL and Macy, the two mastiffs in Winston Graham's story, "The Little Walls," made friends with Philip Turner when he was lurking near their home (JOHN BULL, April 2).

I am amazed. Mastiffs tolerate strangers only under sufferance. Even the youngest untrained puppies will growl and hold intruders. It is one of the characteristics of the breed that has been schooled into successive generations.—M. E. ABERDEEN, Tolcarne, Redruth, Cornwall.

"Two mastiffs belonging to friends of mine on Capri were the models for this incident," says Winston Graham, "and they were quite tolerant of strangers once they had been called. The dogs in my story were being called at the time."

Double Dealer

NOT everyone is as lucky as Mr. Buxton's friends who saved money by being spendthrifts ("Free Speech," April 9).

Before the war I "invested" £5 in a Regency writing table for my study. Recently, at my wife's suggestion, I decided to realize my capital to pay for our holiday.

We offered the table to an antique dealer, who explained that it was not genuine, but a Victorian copy. As it turned out, he was right. We were happy to take £6 for it.

I saw it in his shop last week. It was labelled "Rare early-Victorian piece—£25." In future I shall invest in national savings. — T. P., London.

Historic Bumps

COBBLED streets are few and far between these days, and the town of Rye, in Sussex, takes great care of the half-mile of cobbles it has left.

Cobbler Charlie Morphy has been looking after them for the past twenty years. Many of the stones in

New Cobbles for Old in Rye

Mermaid Street—probably the best-known cobbled street in the country—have been there for five hundred years, but Morphy often has to collect new cobbles from nearby beaches.

Rye's historic streets are hand-repaired. The stones are bedded in sand individually and then beaten flat with a hand rammer. — S. L. TUFFREY, Worthing.

Happy Ending?

CHURCHES in London's suburbs are getting to look more and more like cinemas. I have seen floodlit towers, denomination signs flashing out in neon, and ministers' names displayed like "forthcoming attractions."

The only thing that distinguishes cinemas from these churches is the queueing outside. I wonder if cinema-style publicity tricks will really attract churchgoers.—R. T. SINCLAIR, Wembley Park, Middlesex.

Guess What?
GLYN DANIEL'S new series begins on page 32

Working Blues

UNIVERSITY students, far from having lavish pocket money ("Free Speech," March 19), often have to take wretchedly paid, degrading jobs to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

THOUSANDS HAVE
BEAUTIFIED THEIR HOMES WITH

CONGOWALL

– for less than
1/- a square foot

Congowall No. CW/107. Flooring Nairn's Newhouse tiles. Kitchen Equipment by Gosletts of London.

You'll make a good job of it with Congowall!

It looks like tile

It cleans like tile

It lasts like tile

BRITISH GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE GUARANTEE

Congowall has taken the homes of Britain by storm! And can you wonder, when it gives you the easy-to-clean loveliness of tiled walls for so little cost? You buy it by the yard and it's so simple to put up: you only have to fix it with Congowall adhesive—nothing easier, nothing more satisfying. You should see how it transforms a kitchen or bathroom.

Congowall is sold by the yard in rolls 4′ 6″ high. You can cut a strip off the bottom for lesser heights. It is flexible and easy to handle. There is a range of 14 charming colours. One of them will suit *your* colour scheme.

Congowall is stocked by many builders' merchants and by most household stores. Ask your supplier to show you samples and pattern book. In case of difficulty send P.C. to British Congoleum Ltd., Dept. CW/24, 131, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

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O.K sauce

fruits and spice and all things nice

The finest tomatoes, dates, raisins, oranges, lemons, mangoes, and selected spices concentrated into the most appetising sauce you ever tasted—**It's O.K. Children love it too.**

Look for the new green cap at your grocers. **1/-** and **1/6 a bottle.**

Britain's Best!

★ *Try* **'O.K.' HORSERADISH SAUCE**
—it's just like home made

GEORGE MASON & CO. LTD., CHELSEA WORKS, LONDON, S.W.

Because EVER READY have developed BATRYMAX* dry batteries . . . the modern Portable Radio is smaller, lighter and costs less to run than ever before . .

Ever Ready research engineers were the first to develop this revolutionary new principle in dry battery construction. The BATRYMAX with *layer-cells*. These layer cells permit the concentration of a phenomenal amount of dry battery power in one small package—the all-important need in radios, hearing aids, photoflash and electronic devices, where *size must be small and power must be big*
Ever Ready BATRYMAX batteries give hours and hours of extra life. Next time you buy a radio or hearing aid battery insist on Ever Ready BATRYMAX.

for life!

* 'BATRYMAX' is the registered trade mark of The Ever Ready Co. (Gt. Britain) Ltd.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

keep going at all. Seaside profiteers, for instance, look upon us as cheap labour.

Students are well provided for in both Russia and America, but here, where there is a shortage of highly educated men, university students are discouraged by the meanness of the authorities.—D. A. WHITELOCK, Wharfedale Terrace, Collingham, Wetherby, Yorks.

. . . The average university maintenance grant is less than £200 a year—which is far from lavish. Any pocket money we have at Nottingham University is usually earned through sheer hard work. — D. A. McKIE, Batchelor Road, Newport, Mon.

Monkey Tricks

BARRIER rails do not stop people from stepping off the pavement without warning ("Free Speech," March 26). Rather than walk a few yards to cross the road at the proper place, people often clamber over or through them.

At the West End, a busy spot in Edinburgh, I recently saw a man leading his wife and children *through* the pavement rails.

This sort of thing is particularly dangerous when a motorist sees barrier rails and is lulled into a false sense of security.—W. D. McKAY, Laurelbank Road, Easthouses, Dalkeith, Midlothian.

Spiral Ladder?

EXPERIENCE in a variety of jobs is useful for any career ("Free Speech," March 26). I have been a policeman, soldier, airman, journalist, laboratory assistant, salesman, and I have held several executive positions. Now I am a managing director, and as I'm still only thirty-seven, it seems that my varied experience on the ladder to success has been worth while. — J. B. A., Dundee.

Below Par

MY daughter's school tried to add new games to the sports programme as Mr. P. G. Hill suggested ("Free Speech," April 2). The girls were offered free golf lessons last summer at a very expensive club. Balls and clubs were provided free, and the local professional was there to give lessons. But only about a dozen girls out of three hundred took advantage of the offer. —MRS. N. R., Cornwall.

. . . Chess is the ideal game for people who want solitary relaxation. Its cost is small, its enjoyment is international, and its literature is inexhaustible.

The game has just been made a compulsory subject for pupils at higher grade schools in the Dutch town of Arnhem. Youngsters are being given a source of amusement and amazement for the rest of their lives—F. A. RHODEN, organizer, Hastings Christmas Chess Congress, Cornwallis Terrace, Hastings.

Brushed Lightning

THREE men took a week to paint the outside of my house last month, and then my wife and I had to follow them round cleaning paint off the windows and brickwork.

Not one of those three, I feel, would have earned a place in the team of "blitz painters" I saw in

"Blitz painters" on the attack

New Jersey three years ago. They established a new record for painting a building by completely redecorating a youth centre in seven minutes, two seconds. — V. A. MORROW, Birmingham.

High Notes

SIR EDMUND HILLARY'S story, "High Adventure," in JOHN BULL went into great detail, and I am wondering how he remembered so accurately happenings three or four years old.—P B. LYSAGHT, Crawford Gardens, Palmers Green, London.

. . . The two Sherpas photographed with Sir Edmund Hillary and George Lowe (JOHN BULL, March 26), look like two old peasant women standing between the bearded Britishers. Why were the Sherpas still beardless after their long spell in the Himalayas?—A. A. SOUTH, Albany Road, Wisbech, Cambs.

"Every member of the Everest Expedition kept a diary," says George Lowe, "and even fifty words a day are enough to bring memories flooding back long after the events. As for the clean-shaven Sherpas, Mongolians rarely have hair on their faces, and any that does appear they pull out by the roots. Tenzing's moustache took years to grow, and he never had to shave."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

EVERY year, more than half a million youngsters tearfully meet their first schoolteachers. And the teacher's first job is to combat the most shameful parental propaganda. Five-year-olds are convinced either that school is all play and no work, or that teachers are fearsome people who lay curses on little boys and girls who won't eat cabbage. The youngster starting at a Buckinghamshire primary school in Zelinski's cover painting may be a big boy for his age, but while mother hovers sympathetically, he's going to keep on crying. If she'd leave him to it, he'd soon be as blasé about the whole business as those veterans in the background.

"Servis" knows all the answers

Yes dear . . . . . .

THE 'SERVIS PANEL' has all the answers to your questions on effortless washing— Let us pretend you are the quiz-master . . . 1st question: Does the SERVIS boil the water? Yes! there's the answer, bottom right of the panel:
Next question: How do you start the motor? That's the other switch, bottom left of the panel.
3rd question: Does the SERVIS empty the water? there . . . you've got your finger on it, the panel has the answer to that, too. Yes, washing is no more than a "Panel Game" with SERVIS.

EFFORTLESS WRINGING
The geared Servis wringer has all the advantages of a large size wringer, with the ease of operation of a small one. The lid-tray catches the clothes and fits neatly on top when not in use.

Servis

At the right price
£49 . 19 . 9 TAX PAID
or low Deposit and very easy instalments. See it at your Servis Dealer or write to Servis Electric Washers (Dept. JB) DARLASTON, S. STAFFS.

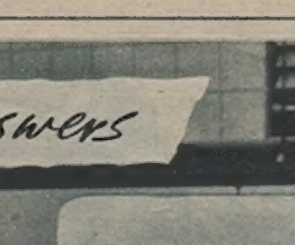
THE WASHER IN ENORMOUS DEMAND

Cogent

Everyone can now have a beautiful garden!

WELGRO

THE MIRACLE FERTILIZER



makes plants grow like MAGIC in any soil!

If your garden is to provide the masses of bloom you hope for, your soil must be capable of supplying the plants with all the food they need, otherwise results are bound to be disappointing. Make sure your plants have a real chance to show what they can do by feeding them with Welgro, the fertilizer that is revolutionizing home gardening. The amazing results obtained with Welgro are produced in a perfectly natural way, by supplying the three major plant foods, and seven extra minerals vital for full natural growth, in completely soluble form, which the roots commence to absorb immediately after application. As Welgro supplies all the nutriment a plant needs for healthy growth, soil deficiencies are automatically remedied, thus obviating the common difficulty of deciding whether this or that fertilizer would be better for your particular soil. Welgro is equally beneficial for Lawns, Flowers, Vegetables and Fruit.

WELL KNOWN AMATEUR GARDENER'S SUCCESS WITH WELGRO

Mr. W. C. Cooper of Welling, Kent with the "London Evening News" Victor Victorum Challenge Cup (open to all amateur gardeners in the British Isles) which he won last year. He also won "The People" Green Fingers Club Competition, and first prize for Celery at the Royal Horticultural Society's Autumn Show. In paying tribute to Welgro, Mr. Cooper writes: 'Welgro helped considerably towards my success. I have found it the ideal fertilizer'.

WILL NOT DAMAGE THE FOLIAGE It is in fact an advantage to apply Welgro "overhead" because certain of the elements are readily assimilated by the leaves. The illustration shows how the WHOLE of the **plant benefits—within an hour** all the nutrients in Welgro are circulating in the stems and leaves.

EASY TO MAKE UP AND APPLY Welgro is so much easier to make up and apply than ordinary fertilizers. Simply mix a tablespoonful in a gallon of water—it dissolves immediately—and apply just as when watering.

ECONOMICAL IN USE The real cost of a fertilizer is dependent upon the amount of available plant food it actually contains. In the case of Welgro this reaches the unusually high figure of over 60%.

Note the unrivalled WELGRO formula—

The analysis shows clearly why Welgro has such an invigorating effect. The ten different elements and minerals are scientifically proportioned and blended to produce a perfectly balanced fertilizer, providing, in addition to the three major plant foods, seven extra minerals (the so called "trace elements") minute in quantity but of great importance because it is now known that in the absence of these, vigorous plant growth is virtually impossible.

GUARANTEED ANALYSIS

3 Major Plant Foods	Nitrogen	15%
	Phosphoric Acid	30%
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7 extra Minerals (trace elements)	Magnesium	0.49%
	Manganese	0.18%
	Iron	0.15%
	Copper	0.06%
	Zinc	0.06%
	Boron	0.04%
	Molybdenum	0.009%

PRICES

Trial size packet	2/6
½ lb. tin	5/-
1½ lb. tin	12/-
3 lb. tin	20/-
6 lb. tin	32/-

Welgro is obtainable from your local seedsman, garden supply shop, and through "Boots the Chemists". If you have any difficulty write for name of nearest stockist.

GARDEN FERTILIZERS LTD. 40 Chorlton Street, Manchester 1

'Jim's mother always gives us real cream'

Trust children, to notice things – and when they get smooth delicious cream on their fruit or trifle at other people's houses – can you wonder that they want it at home too?

Fortunately everybody can have a couple of tins of pure Nestlé's Cream on their pantry shelves; real, glorious cream, pure and country sweet to keep by you as a regular treat for the family. It's an investment really because it keeps until you want it – though usually the children won't let it stay there long.

NESTLÉ'S cream

Real cream. Very special

Beckett watched the drunken dance and his lips tightened. He had little sympathy with human weakness these days

Mountain of lost men

by JOHN MASTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

His wife had gone, and his faith. Up there was his only hope

"THEREFORE, *the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.*" The young man closed the book with an angry snap and threw it down. What was the use of beseeching?

The young man was tall and his face had been burned red-brown by the six weeks he had spent in the high Himalayas. His eyes were grey, wide set and unhappy. He was a mountain climber, an American and a minister. He was the Reverend Harry Beckett, minister of the Episcopal Church of St. James in Wheeler's Crossing, Pennsylvania.

It was evening and he was sitting on the patch of grass outside the log resthouse at Wan in the Garhwal Himalayas of India. Atonal singing and the jerky whining of the mountain bagpipes came up to him from the clustered village below. He tried not to hear those sounds, being absorbed in his own unhappiness, but they were too insistently festive, and when it was dark he had to go down and stand on the outskirts of the crowd and watch the merry-making.

Then the village elders came to him, led him forward out of the darkness, brought a hard chair for him and stood in a semi-circle around him. Their gods were not his God, but they knew his calling and always showed him profound respect because the terrible beauty of the mountains glittered over them, and they were simple men who could never be sure, in these tilted wastes, that they knew the precise name of the Being who blew the mists across the rock faces and made the stones dark and slippery.

The other members of the American climbing expedition had gone back. Harry had stayed. "While I'm here I'd like to take an extra couple of weeks and see if I can follow Longstaff's footsteps up Trisul, forty-six years after," he said. They agreed it was a great idea, and variously wished they could stay with him. Then, mercifully, they went home.

Sure, he was going to have a shot at Trisul. But his real purpose was to go into the Wilderness and wrestle with devils.

Before him, the villagers weaved in and out in their uncomplicated dance. Some of them were cheerfully drunk, and his lips tightened. He had very little sympathy with human weakness, these days. Glancing about him, he caught

They stood there together, gazing down at the throbbing firmament of

the hot look in a girl's eye, the eye aglow in the firelight, and the man bathed in that heat was not her husband. He knew, he knew, the foul-sweet lust pierced him so deep. There was no law of man or God that made a minister's wife different from an Indian girl of the mountains, and before she left him, Helen's eyes had often held that look.

There was a little maimed villager here who was always looking at him. The man's left arm ended in a stump and a steel hook. Harry noticed him because he fetched and carried for everyone, and everyone shouted orders at him—"Devi Ram, do this! Devi Ram, do that!"—and he always smiled happily and ran to do what he was told. He was one of those who had drunk too much, so that he staggered as he ran about. Now he was coming up to Harry, his hand and hook joined. Harry looked away. He had nothing to say to anyone, least of all to drunks.

The man, Devi Ram, said, "Lord!"

Harry pretended not to hear. The village headman shouted at the little man, and the village Brahman threw a piece of earth at him. He wouldn't go away. Harry turned to the headman and asked if he had yet found a guide who would go on Trisul with him.

The headman looked embarrassed and muttered, "No, sahib."

Harry said, exasperated: "What's the matter? There's no real danger, and I'll pay well." He had four porters, but they were not hillmen and would not go above the snow line, and that was that. Now he wanted a mountain man as a companion who would yet not be able to intrude on his thoughts.

APOLOGETICALLY, the Brahman said: "They have flocks and fields and wives to look after, sahib. There is also a foolish local superstition about nature of Mountain Trisul." He waved a pudgy hand towards the trident mountain that rose behind the village. Glittering in the light of the half moon, its triple spires rammed 23,360 feet above the level of the distant sea, 16,000 feet above and twelve miles distant from this last habitation of man.

The Brahman continued: "Our foolish peoples say mountain is full of dragons and abominable snowmen. They believe also that there is living on mountain one Man of Charity who has one altar there—one altar of per-r-r-fect grace, your holiness would call same, doubtless? But I say mountain is dangerous indeed, without benefit of necromancy." He giggled self-consciously.

The little drunken fellow with the hook, Devi Ram, was there beside them still. He said eagerly: "The Man of Charity truly lives on our mountain, sahib."

Harry jerked his arm in a gesture of angry irritation against the dust, the dirt, the rum-laden breath, the rank superstition—which he knew he might also have called blind faith.

He said: "Has anyone ever found the altar, or seen this man of charity, or a dragon, or an abominable snowman?"

The Brahman said: "The foolish people say that men who find altar, if it exists, do not return. Why should they? It is there more than one thousand years in their legend, and during that time doubtless forty, fifty men have gone out from this village upon the mountain and not come back, omitting in that reckoning all who lose their way and die of known causes upon mountain, such as people whose bones or the entire person is discovered at a later epoch, sahib."

The little man, Devi Ram, said: "I have no flock or field or wife. I have worked with mountain-climbing sahibs before the war. I will come with you as a guide."

The headman, the Brahman and everyone in earshot began to swear at him in their Garhwali language, and pushed him roughly away.

The headman said: "Devi Ram would be no good to your holiness. He is a drunkard and without sense, as you can see. Indeed, lord, he is more than a little beloved of God."

Harry looked into the little man's luminous and softly slanted eyes. Beloved of God, in the East, usually meant mad. More than a little mad the man was—cracked, potty, but not dangerous.

"Will no one else come with me?" he asked.

They were silent. He said: "Very well then. Devi Ram shall come with me. We set off at six a.m. tomorrow."

"Yes, lord, yes!" The little man was dancing drunkenly with delight, and Harry's heart sank. He turned his back and climbed up to the rest-house.

A Man of Charity a thousand years old! An altar of perfect grace! Dragons, hobgoblins and man-devouring snowmen! Had the damned fools never heard of the atom bomb and the hydrogen bomb? Of the cobalt dust that could circle the world on the wind and leave only death behind it? Of disease, gas and madness filling the arsenals? Of lies, purges, traitors, spies, confessions, tortures?

THEY were fools, because there was neither god nor God. Without God there was no evil, because evil can exist only by the grace of God. There was no God in the cold stars and no presence of God inside himself. There was only Helen's empty chair, and hate, and their son whom she'd taken with her, and destruction, and the sympathetic, discreet faces of Wheeler's Crossing. Yet these Hindu fools could believe in a man a thousand years old.

He might succeed in climbing Trisul, but the secret struggle was already nine parts lost. When he got back home he would tell the bishop two things. One, that he hated his wife. Two, that there was no God. Then he'd tell his flock from the pulpit the same great secret which he had uncovered in the ancient lands of the East and brought to them because he was their minister: There is no God. Then he'd get out of Wheeler's Crossing and find work that he could do with his hands.

The next day gave him no respite from the night's angry despair. No day did now, nor any calmness of evening, nor glory of mountain stars. The narrow track stretched empty in front of him, winding diagonally on and up among the firs climbing the giant slope. Behind him the queer little man, Devi Ram, carried a pack full of spare clothing as though it were a jewel box. Harry had tried to make him walk alongside, but they found the track too narrow. Besides, Devi Ram—now sober—had turned very shy and humble.

The four porters with the tent, food and stores were a mile or more behind. They'd catch up at Bhagchu, the camp site he'd chosen for the night. Tomorrow was a Sunday and he would rest and the next day face Trisul.

At 12,000 feet the trees ended in a ruler line across the mountain, and Harry stepped out on to the green curve of an alp a-shimmer with big dark-red geums and tiny blue forget-me-nots. He sat down on a rock and felt in his pocket for his pipe. Someone in the centre of the universe

Manhattan: Harry—and Helen, the woman he loved with so intense a tenderness

kept reading aloud to him that fourth chapter of Ephesians. He groaned under his breath, because still he saw Helen's lust and the charred devastation of atomized cities, and still the only creations of God were fear and hatred and tense anxiety.

He blinked and called: "How far to Bhagchu?"

"Three miles, sahib."

Had the little man heard him groan? He looked narrowly to see. A sorrow filled the slanting brown eyes, and many wrinkles were cut deep into the middle-aged face. He was wearing the hillman's traditional clothes—a dark, coarse blanket wound round him in the Grecian manner and held in front of the shoulders by two long steel pins. His muscular, bare thighs stuck out below and on his feet he wore toeless army boots.

Harry said suddenly: "Devi Ram, do you really believe there's a Man of Charity a thousand years old living on the mountain?"

Devi Ram said simply: "He is there, lord, and his altar is there, and you will find them. I know it. I will help you as much as I can."

"You're going to help me climb Trisul," Harry said impatiently.

"Yes, lord. That, too. And"—he became suddenly even shyer—"and, lord, I am also going to look for the bones of my father."

Harry said: "Was he lost on the mountain?"

DEVI RAM hesitated a long time. Then he began to speak, at first slowly, then faster, always searching and stumbling for the English words, sometimes putting in phrases of Hindustani or Italian, for it had been on the slopes of Monte Cassino that he lost his arm.

He said: "My father was a kind man. He gave away what he had to the poor, to the children. My mother always pretended to be angry with him, but she was not, really. If I had a wife, she would be the same about my army pension, but there are so many poor men, so many children.

"One day, when I was a little boy, five men of Durashi came over the pass. They were five brothers and they came to take my mother back with them. She had been promised to the eldest, but she ran away with my father, and for ten years the five brothers had kept their anger hot. They came when my father was on the high pastures, as they knew. My mother argued with them all day, and at last, when she saw their hearts were hard, she killed herself. Then the five brothers killed the sheep in the byre, and burned the house, and took the gold ornaments which were all her savings off my mother's body, and went away.

"I saw it all, hidden out in the rocks. When my father came down from the mountain he became mad, and screamed and cut himself. Then he sat down and wept. Then he looked at the sky and said, 'It's going to snow!'"

Harry watched Devi Ram's face. It had hardened as he spoke, and now his lower jaw was thrust forward, baring his teeth, and the drops of sweat hung shining above his eyebrows.

"He said: 'It's going to snow. The five brothers will take the path across the lower face of Trisul, to avoid our people on the pass.' He kissed me and sent me down into the village and told me he would be back soon. Then he took some food and an axe and went off with his head bent. Then it snowed hard for three days. He never came back."

Harry said: "And no one has ever found any of them?"

"No, lord. But I will now. I will find my father and those who killed him. I will scatter their bones across the mountain and cause jackals to eat what dried flesh the cold has left to them. I will!" Devi Ram stood up, his eyes burning and the steel hook flashing. "They will pay in hell!"

Harry knocked out the dottle of his pipe. Here was more faith—this time a blind belief that such desecration of long-dead bones would indeed cause the dead men misery in eternity. He glanced up at the peak of Trisul on his right. The summits rode proudly through the flocks of grazing clouds.

"With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love——" There wasn't much of that here or anywhere.

He sucked the cold air into his lungs with a small harsh sound.

By the time the porters arrived at the empty grass meadow named Bhagchu, Devi Ram had already cut and carried a pile of juniper wood and lit a fire. Then the tiny tent was up, and, when he had eaten, Harry tried to sleep.

The fire died away in yellow and orange flickers, silhouetted and haloed against the blackness to the north. Its last glow shone through the green canvas and illumined the inside with an eerie light.

He did not sleep well, but dreamed of Helen. The dream had little of the usual inconsequent drama of dreams, but was clear, consecutive and infinitely tender. Helen walked about the house on Maple Street, arranging flowers and chattering. She talked so much because she was frightened, he knew now. Her affair had begun by then, but Harry didn't know or guess or suspect at that time. His dream quivered with the exact intensity of tenderness he had felt for her.

By that year the atom bomb had already fallen from the morning and terror was already in the world's air behind it, but he could still fight terror and overcome doubt because in this personal love he knew that he partook of the nature of God. Not now, though, not now.

NEXT day it was Sunday, and for the first time since he was a little boy he found himself unable to pray. After a while he gave up trying and brought out the maps. Trisul rose like a white wall lying north and south above the surrounding foothills.

From its peaks a nearly vertical precipice sheered down six thousand feet on the west face. Below, the mountain broadened out, and flying buttresses of ice and rock spun off in airy delicacy to the lower ground. Here at Bhagchu his tent crouched on one of the western buttresses, so that he was staring up the loom of it full at that western cliff face. To his left the next buttress fell parallel away, and between the two lay the deep cleft of the Rupkunda stream.

He had been an experienced mountaineer ever since his college days. He knew that in the time available he could explore only this side of the wall and perhaps a little round its southern and northern ends, where it bent down to lose itself in other ridges, lesser mountains, tangled glaciers.

In the evening he asked Devi Ram whether it would be better to begin at the north or south end of the wall.

Devi Ram said: "The south, sahib."

"But that is the more difficult approach," Harry protested. "Doctor Longstaff went round the north and climbed from the other side."

Devi Ram muttered: "The south is better."

Harry glanced up and caught a guilty look

half concealed in his face. He said: "You mean, you think that's where you're most likely to find the remains of your father and the others?"

"No, no, sahib," Devi Ram said quickly. "Not them. The altar of the Man of Charity. Many searchers have been lost on that south face, so the altar is probably there."

"I have told you. . . ." Harry began to say that he only wanted to climb Trisul, not to run about looking for a superstition. But again he couldn't find the courage to say it, so he said: "Very well. We'll begin at the south end."

Devi Ram was not cheered up. He said: "Yes, sahib. But I do not think I should come with you."

Harry's irritation burst out. "Changed your mind already? Afraid of the dragons and abominable snowmen?"

Devi Ram pulled his blanket tighter round him against the evening chill. "I am afraid of them, lord. They are terrible—half-animal, half-god—and wicked. They blow the blizzards across Trisul, and kill people and suck their blood and leave the husks out on the ice. The mountain is dangerous, too, and this"—he held up the steel hook—"does not help me. But none of these things could stop me, only"—he stared at his boots—"you are a holy man, sahib, and I—I get drunk often. I went with bad women in Italy. I killed many people with my tommy-gun. I think you will not be allowed to find the altar if I am with you. When he sees me, the Man of Charity will think, 'I will have to let Devi Ram in, too, and I don't want to do that.'"

Harry stared into the dark and troubled eyes. For the first time he saw this simpleton, Devi Ram, as a man and a person. He saw, with a sinking of his heart, that the search for the altar was to Devi Ram real, vital and practical. He stared at him for a full minute without speaking, and at last found his voice, knowing that now he must commit himself to the search with all the faith he could muster.

Anything less would betray Devi Ram's trust and courage, even as his own had been betrayed and had rotted away in him.

He held out his hand. "We will search together. Come with me and be my friend."

HARRY sat up late that night over the maps, but he did not see them. Instead of their contoured slopes, he saw and fought to exorcize the tautly glistening faces of the children not yet dead, the hatreds that rode like horsemen on the electronic waves of man's discoveries, the satanic image he had formed of the man who had taken Helen away.

When he tried to concentrate on the geography of the search, all he could think of was that the bishop would not understand. But the bishop had not been in the war, as he had, and the bishop's wife was fat and kind and fifty.

Before lying down, he went out to the ridge behind the tent and looked south-westward over Wan, Bagargad and the hamlets beyond. Yellow lights, wide-spaced on the rolling black carpets, sprang towards him through the early darkness. The vastness, and the thought that those who recognize each other are few and far apart, reminded him of an evening with Helen in New York. They had looked at the throbbing firmament of Manhattan, and he remembered feeling that some part of his faith had become visible in the scene, like a vision to a visionary. His eye had picked out particular lights at random among the towering, twinkling banks of lights, and he had said to himself: There, I know that man—and that woman—and no others. Only God knows all of them, all of us.

He had come to disbelieve all of that. Yet when one of the lights across the valley went out, he knew that a part of him died with it. "*Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.*" It was hard, it was impossible . . . *Helen, Helen!* He lay awake for hours, and went to sleep at last with his hands still tightly clenched by his sides.

He and Devi Ram spent the next day on Trisul's south-western face. Devi Ram ran about like a mountain goat in the thin air, and never showed a sign of tiredness. Jealous of his medieval literalness of mind, Harry watched him all day run to peer down into a hundred steep gullies, hurry to look over a hundred new skylines, and always the same cry, "They're not here!"

On Tuesday they went in the same direction but higher up, above the snow line. On Wednesday they spent a long day on the spurs overlooking the Kurumtoli Glacier. Against every conscious protest of his intelligence, Harry felt the excitement of the search growing in him. He divided the map into five hundred yard squares and ticked off each one that they had traversed or seen into.

Thursday evening, on their way back to camp, Harry noticed a dark shape, like a low building, high on the side of a stony corrie to their right.

Devi Ram said: "We should look at it. You should, sahib." Hurrying on with queer, foolish excitement, Harry came to it in half an hour, and found only a big pile of stones. Withered flowers lay scattered among them, and two or three fresh ones.

He knelt on the sharp stones, and said aloud the words that had hammered at him all week

WHEN Devi Ram came up, minutes later, he plucked a mauve primula and laid it on the others. "Why do you do that?" Harry asked.

"This is the shrine of the Elephant God. The men of Wan come up every spring and autumn to put more stones on it. Every passer-by should put a flower on, as an offering."

"To whom?"

Devi Ram scratched his hair, and said: "To the Elephant God, perhaps, if he exists. Or to the mountain. It's just an offering. Lord, should we always make an offering *to* someone?"

While Harry searched for the answer to that he noticed at his feet the flower of all flowers, a Himalayan blue poppy. He picked it and held it for a moment in the cupped palms of his

hands. The veined blue ice of the petals burned with a thin fire against his fingers. He laid it on the stones.

He said: "Devi Ram, if you knew this was a Hindu shrine, why did you let me come climbing up here? We've wasted an hour and it'll be dark before we get back to Bhagchu."

Devi Ram said: "It is a Ganesh-ka-murti to me, lord. To you, who are holy, it might be anything. I hung back behind you," he finished, pleading.

Harry got up with a groan and a curse fighting together in his throat. *"There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling."*

Next day they carried the tent, food and stores up over the low northern end of the Trisul wall and pitched it near the snow line above the Betatoli Glacier. The porters returned to Bhagchu, and when it was evening Devi Ram crowded apologetically into the tent with him.

They awoke in bright moonlight and at five o'clock started up the ridge, Harry leading. A minute later he felt an urgent tug at the rope and turned. Devi Ram's face was contorted with fright. A williwaw whirled and danced behind him across the white mountain. To the left the low light outlined and exaggerated a set of huge imprints in the snow.

Devi Ram pointed with his hook and cried: "Sahib! The abominable snowman! He will lead us to be killed!"

In this high and brilliant light Harry could feel no twinge of terror, though the imprints were supernaturally large. He shouted back against the wind: "Come on! Bear, I suppose!" He saw terror on Devi Ram's face, and tugged gently at the rope and repeated: "Come on!"

Devi Ram shivered, braced his shoulders and moved forward, looking anxiously to right and left.

Harry muttered, "Have faith," but it was to himself that he spoke.

Hours later, when they were near the summit, Devi Ram came close and said: "The altar will be there for certain, lord. We have looked everywhere else."

At the last, Harry tried to make him lead the way, but he hung back and shook his head. As they talked they were standing braced together like brothers against the howling wind, one tall, one short, their dark faces shining with grease, and the glittering, impersonal goggles obliterating all difference of race. Then Harry walked up to the summit and Devi Ram followed. Carefully and expectantly they looked all about them.

There were ice and rock, snow, wind and distance, nothing else. The corners of Devi Ram's mouth drooped, he stared at his toes, and Harry saw his lips tremble.

Away to the north the Tibetan plains shone pale gold through the gap between the Mana massif and the gaunt block of Dunagiri. Harry took off his goggles. Snow light struck him with white fire and burned out that far gold and the spreading green of the forests below, and the light of blue brilliance of the sky and the smoky dark of gathering clouds. The sweep of creation became agony—like Helen, who was a harlot; and bravery, which became destruction; and children, born only to die under the blue dust.

He put on his goggles. Brusquely he said to Devi Ram: "Lead the way down, and hurry." How could anyone believe there would be an altar up here? The man must be mad as a March hare. He must be half mad himself, for he had half believed.

The next day they returned to Bhagchu, not talking to each other. Now again he had to pray. The tent smelled of Devi Ram and it was too small. He had seen that in India men prayed when and where they wished, so he knelt on the sharp stones of the ridge, facing out over the foothills, and said aloud that fourth chapter of Saint Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians which had been hammering at him all week.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: And be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

After supper, Devi Ram asked shyly: "Lord, where to tomorrow? The search——"

Harry said violently: "It's over. Finished. Forget it."

Devi Ram burst out with a vehemence Harry had not suspected him to be capable of: "Do not give up! Go without me! You have only failed because I have been with you! I know I ought not to go with you, but I must, because I want to see the Man of Charity. . . . And then there's my father."

Harry stared angrily into the man's anguished eyes. "For heaven's sake, Devi Ram, your altar doesn't exist!"

Devi Ram cried: "It does! It must!" He ran blindly away across the alp, sobbing. Slowly Harry turned back and got out the maps.

In the morning, tendrils of mist reached into the tent for him, and he looked out on a world of bleak greys and whites and watery greens. He got up with a sigh, and twenty minutes later moved off with Devi Ram along a contour line which kept them at the same height, traversed the Bhagchu ridge, and brought them at length to the Rupkunda stream.

A mist of rain spangled his bare head. Beside him the water gurgled shallow among polished grey stones and his feet sunk in beds of moss, lichen and bright green, peaty bog. Perhaps in the past they made human sacrifices here to the gods inhabiting Trisul. Looking back, he started violently and nearly cried aloud, for in the distorted daylight-dark, Devi Ram was a crouched and brooding giant advancing behind him.

The slope steepened sharply. They paused more frequently for breath, but could see nothing. They started climbing in earnest.

The long text rolled round in Harry's head and echoed back from wall to wall of the great gorge: *"One Lord, one faith, one baptism."*

What did that mean? Damnation for those who had no Lord, no faith, no baptism?

Devi Ram whispered—why did he whisper?—"I have never been up here."

Harry shouted back: "Why, there's nothing to be afraid of!" Nevertheless, he was afraid.

As they moved they dislodged stones, which rolled down in small murmuring cataracts until the fog swallowed the sound. A sudden chilling wind blew a smoky wreath of rain away across the mountain, and he looked up quickly. The smooth sweep of the amphitheatre seemed to have a break in it, a barely perceptible alteration of shade and tone among the glistening rocks, half left and about six hundred feet higher up. Above and to the right of a place a cornice of dirty snow overhung a northward-facing rock.

Harry kept his eyes on that and climbed more quickly. His mind worked busily—anything to silence the remorseless text. He thought he could guess what had happened. A landslide had come down across the amphitheatre from a peak on the far ridge and formed a step in the slope. There would be a small flat place there, perhaps even a hollow. The fog closed in and blotted out his cornice landmark, but he thought he had the direction and hurried faster, scrambling and slipping.

The slope flattened. He stopped, leaning forward, his hands on his knees, gasping for breath. It was not very high here, but his breathlessness

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In bright moonlight they mounted the ridge. Suddenly, Beckett felt a tug on the rope. He turned. Devi Ram's face was twisted in fear

Peter Glaze, the Crazy Gang's odd man out

by JOHN HARMAN

As stand-in to the maddest act in Britain, he gets splashed with whitewash, drenched in ink and battered with hammers. The biggest jokes are often off-stage—and they're usually on him

Off stage, Glaze jokes with chorus girls. When he deputized in one scene, the Gang stayed in the wings—and laughed as he had to act alone

AT SEVEN TWENTY ONE EVENING during the first-house interval of *Knights of Madness*, a Crazy Gang revue at the Victoria Palace, London, the Gang's understudy, Peter Glaze, was given an urgent message that Teddy Knox had been taken ill and could not appear in the next scene.

The scene, which started in eight minutes' time, was a burlesque on life in a holiday camp, and Knox, as an aristocratic woman film star, had one of the most complicated outfits in the show.

Helped by a dresser, Glaze stripped off his lounge suit and struggled into his duplicate set of Knox's clothes. He put on a pair of fishnet stockings, a smartly tailored white linen suit with a pleated skirt, a curly blonde wig and a white straw hat. Grasping his props—a stumpy umbrella and a big leather handbag containing a nightdress—he squeezed his size six feet into a pair of women's high-heeled shoes, size four, and ran down three flights of stone stairs.

He reached the wings as the curtain went up.

"I made my entrance and was walking towards a chalet, brushing aside some autograph hunters, when I looked behind me," he says. "There stood Knox, in exactly the same get-up as myself. I felt a complete fool."

Glaze improvised an exit line by saying: "Fancy meeting *you* here!" Then he went back to his dressing-room and left Knox, who had sent the illness message as a practical joke, to finish the scene.

Always Ready To Fill Gaps

Since that false alarm, which amused the Gang immensely, Glaze has prickled with uncertainty at every performance and has checked and double-checked orders to take over parts.

Quick and excitable by nature, he is thirty-six years old, short, black-haired, and beams an impudent grin through heavy, thick-lensed spectacles. His friends continually urge him to calm his nerves and relax, but while on call he has seldom been known to do either.

For five years, he has held what is recognized as the most exhausting job of understudying in show business. He has to be constantly ready to step into any vacant place in the gusty routines which the Gang—Bud Flanagan, Nervo, Knox, Naughton and Gold—have made their speciality.

He has pelted audiences with bars of soap, champagne bottles and mailbags, and presented

In the dressing-room during the Gang's current show, Glaze is the butt of another gag. Left to right: Knox, Nervo, Flanagan, Naughton and Gold

them with rolls of linoleum and perambulators. His parts, which include those of a ruthless baby-sitter, a girl chorister and a Russian spy, have made him the victim of twice-nightly drenchings with ink, whitewash and soda water. He has been hit with hammers, buckets and mops; pushed over, tripped and kicked.

"Whatever we do to him, he comes up smiling," says Flanagan.

Glaze is probably the only West End comedian who regularly plays star parts and yet is virtually unknown. When he replaces one of the Gang for a whole performance, his name is mentioned in a notice over the box office grille.

On a recent evening during the current Gang revue, *Jokers Wild*, Glaze deputized twice—first as a Teddy Boy and then as a medieval sentry—for Charlie Naughton, who had a back injury. Later in the show, he reappeared in a monk's habit and jived solemnly at the end of a bell-rope in place of Knox, who had burned his hands on the rope the previous day.

Altogether, Glaze was in eight of the show's seventeen scenes and had nine quick changes.

He shares the Gang's stage clothes, except for those belonging to Knox, the dandy of the quintet, who buys expensively tailored outfits of his own. Glaze also uses their props—except for Flanagan's crownless straw hat with bent-up brim. That is his personal trade mark.

Flanagan, a fifty-nine year old ex-juggler and cabby, benign, avuncular and sentimental, has a special status in the Gang. He has led them since they teamed up at the London Palladium in 1931. When he is away, his bigger parts are by tradition taken by Jimmy Gold. Glaze deputizes for Gold. Flanagan's absence immediately starts a fall in bookings. Otherwise, the Gang revues are known as the safest financial gambles in the theatre. When *Ring Out The Bells*, their third postwar production, ended last year, it had drawn 1,750,000 people, including several members of the Royal Family, earned an estimated £40,000 profit for producer Jack Hylton, and run for 1,001 performances.

An American travel organization listed it as essential for students of British humour.

Impromptu horseplay, off stage and on, enables the Gang to resist the tedium of playing the same sketches night after night.

"One of my busiest times is when there is snow about," says Glaze. "Naughton, who always bears the brunt of gags, often has handfuls thrust down his shirt and cannot go on at the last moment."

Jokes Came In Wrong Order

Glaze's salary varies between £30 and £50 a week, according to the amount of understudying. He was originally engaged merely as a stand-in for rehearsals of *Knights Of Madness*. Naughton had gone to hospital with a skin complaint, caused by a blank cartridge exploding too near him.

"The first rehearsal made me despair," Glaze says. "I was given a script, which the Gang had spent nearly a year writing, and was told to follow what happened. The first gag they cracked shouldn't have come until page two; the second was on page twelve; the third on page seven—and so on. In the end, I threw away the script and picked up the routines as best I could."

Naughton was unwell longer than expected, and Glaze deputized for him on a provincial tour, and later at the London opening. "We marked the event by cutting the buttons off Peter's overcoat and telling the wardrobe department to shorten the hem four inches," says Gold.

Glaze learned the rest of the Gang's parts by watching each of them in turn at every performance, and he became their general understudy. The order in which they invariably line up on the stage—Nervo on the audience's left; then Knox, Flanagan in the centre, Naughton and Gold—guided him to his place in sketches.

Once, when he was deputizing for Gold in a satire on the *Merry Widow*, the Gang were due to enter in line from the left, which meant that he was the first to go on.

Breathless after a quick change, he hurriedly took his position in the wings. The music started, the curtain went up, and he danced and sang his way to the middle of the stage, dressed in a white blouse, white baggy trousers and a coloured sash.

"Suddenly, I felt awfully lonely. The others had not followed. They were standing in the wings, laughing." He went through the whole number by himself, with the audience in a puzzled silence and the conductor hissing at him to sing louder.

His unaccountably wet feet were due to the Gang having filled his boots with water.

Glaze began his theatrical career as an understudy at the age of nine. His actor-producer father, Will H. Glaze, was presenting a melodrama, *The Sins Of The Rich*, in Belfast. The stage manager's young daughter normally played the heroine's son, but she was taken ill, and Glaze, who was on holiday from boarding

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

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Leonie had left Capri, and Martin Coxon was missing. It fitted into a pattern, and it wasn't a pattern that I liked

THE LITTLE WALLS

by ***WINSTON GRAHAM***

ILLUSTRATED BY SELINSKI

FOR WEEKS I HAD been searching for Jack Buckingham—the shady adventurer who, I was sure, had played a part in the death of my brother, Grevil. Now, at last, I had found him: Buckingham was not the name I knew him by. . . .

To me, Philip Turner, the official view that Grevil had committed suicide had seemed absurd from the start. When he met his death he was on his way home, via Holland, from an archaeological expedition in Indonesia. Buckingham, his companion for months past, disappeared before Grevil's body was found in the canal.

A letter signed "Leonie," and apparently breaking off a love affair, was found in Grevil's pocket, and I went to Amsterdam to search for the girl. I took with me Martin Coxon, one of the few people who knew Buckingham. He had had to return to England after a couple of days, but I had gone on alone and had traced the writer of the letter as far as Capri.

Leonie Winter, a stunningly beautiful young widow, was staying there at the villa of a Mme Weber. Using the alias of Philip Norton, I soon got to know her, but it was some time before I revealed that I was Grevil's brother. And by then I was in love with her.

She told me that she had barely known Grevil. The letter had been for Buckingham: my brother was to have passed it on.

Though, out of a sense of loyalty, she wouldn't disclose Buckingham's identity, I felt pretty sure he was a yachtsman whom I knew as Charles Sanbergh. I therefore sent for Martin Coxon to come out to identify him.

Coxon came. Next day I received a letter from Dr. Pangkal, who had been my brother's assistant in Java. In it he gave me a full description of Buckingham: an acutely observed and very accurate description. . . .

It was a description of Martin Coxon.

PART SIX

A Letter From Holland

PERHAPS when you live with death at your elbow, as Mme Weber claimed she had been doing for the last fifteen years, it comes natural to need other company to relieve the *tête-à-tête*. So, having the means to do it, she filled her house with guests and added as many outsiders as she could decently fit in. There

I looked up at her. "I'm going back to Holland. I'll leave Martin Coxon here to look after you." Leonie paused. Then she said: "That'll be fun"

were twelve at the dinner party, and Charles Sanbergh was there when we got there. I introduced Martin and watched their meeting with an interest quite different from what I might have had yesterday.

Sanbergh said to me: "I hope you enjoyed the Grotto this morning, Mr. Norton."

I looked at him, expecting sarcasm and enmity, but didn't find it.

"Thanks. It was impressive—and rain-proof. Your boat was safe?"

"Yes. Please don't hesitate to ask for it again if you need it any time."

"Thank you very much," I said, foxed now at this apparent change of front. It would be too ironical if for some reason he now changed his attitude towards me.

Just before we went in to dinner I caught Martin's eye and he turned his thumb down. It was an agreed signal. I'd wondered what he would do about it. All day since reading that letter there had been a queer taste in my mouth, like copper, like blood. Every now and then I was seared by a rush of anger, burning and blackening. This afternoon I'd had another letter from Inspector Tholen—but so far had been quite unable to make up my mind about it. For the moment decision was suspended; all I could do was wait and watch.

We dined and wined expensively, amid a hubbub of general conversation, and if there was an undercurrent at the table it was hardly noticeable. For most of the meal I chatted about America with Hamilton White.

Towards the end I looked across at Martin, who was talking to Leonie, and the dry, bitter taste came back into my mouth. I was glad when the meal was over. We split up into groups and stood talking and Leonie went into the garden with Martin. When she came back her face was flushed and her stammer was more noticeable.

Afterwards I saw her slip out of the room and a few minutes later I followed her. There was no one in the hall, but as I got to the foot of the stairs she came down.

Two steps from the bottom she stopped.

I said: "I want to apologize for getting in your light so much in the last few days."

She half smiled, but looking past me towards the door. "I thought we'd gone into that this morning."

"This is the postcript."

"Well, have you decided to write off the—the search for. . ." She didn't finish.

"Yes," I said. "I have."

That brought her head up. "Really, Philip? If you. . ."

THERE was a look of relief in her eyes that I didn't like. "Partly, anyway. I'm going back to Holland for a couple of days. I've had a letter from the Dutch inspector who was in charge of the case. Read it if you like."

I gave her the letter from Tholen which had been forwarded by Arnold. I could follow her eyes as she read it.

Dear Mr. Turner,

We are now in the possession of fresh data in reference to your brother's death. This I cannot send to you fully because it is confidential and better that such information is not all commit to paper. If you find the convenience to come to Holland again I shall give you this information by personal word and so help to clear up the perplexity of your mind.

If it is not the convenience for you to come pray let me know and I shall try to write you what I can.

Yours very truly,
J. J. Tholen.

She handed the letter back. "I wonder what that means."

"It's what I'm going to find out."

She looked down. "Yes. Yes, of course. Well I hope. . . ." Once again she didn't finish.

"That it means nothing at all?"

"No. I hope that everything will go well."

"Thanks. In the meantime I'll leave Martin Coxon here to look after you."

She kept her eyes down. After a slight pause, she said: "That'll be fun."

"Yes, he's very good fun."

"Will you tell this inspector about me?"

"I haven't decided. But I don't think so."

"Surely you should."

"It depends what he has to say."

"I'm still puzzled why you're telling me this, Philip. Haven't I yet convinced you that I'm in the enemy's camp?"

"No."

SHE was silent, rubbing her finger along the side of the banister. I said: "I wish you would promise me one thing while I'm away in Holland."

"What?"

"You may think this pretty cheap . . . but I have to risk it. I never knew your husband; but I think he must have been a nice fellow."

She didn't speak.

"And I imagine you had the sort of feeling for him that you haven't quite had for anyone since."

"Well?"

"Well. . . would it be a good thing to think of that?"

She didn't answer for a bit. Then she came down another step until our heads were level. Her hand was still on the banister but I didn't touch it. I felt I was playing for high stakes.

"It's queer you should say that."

"Why?"

"I've been thinking rather a lot about Tom today." She hesitated.

"Go on."

"It's too difficult to explain now."

"I'd like to know."

"We must go in. . ."

"No." I put a hand on her arm now. It was like touching a restive young animal. I thought she was going to push me away but suddenly her mood changed.

"It's impossible to say in two words, Philip. . . You see, when he died—when Tom and Richard died I was in hospital. I'd been taken away from home rather ill but not desperately ill. Tom and Richard were all right. *I* was the sick one. It wasn't until three weeks later that they told me. I couldn't *believe* it. When I went home I kept waiting. . . I'd not even seen Tom ill for one day. It was just as if they'd both disappeared into air . . ."

Her nostrils flexed. "What I'm telling you all this for is to say that I've never *quite* understood about Tom. I knew what had happened—went about my ordinary life. But at the back of my mind. . . ."

"You've always had a half-feeling that somewhere he was still alive."

"Yes. Yes, that's exactly it." She looked at me eagerly now.

After a minute, I said: "When I mentioned your husband just now—perhaps you can guess why I did that."

"Yes, perhaps."

"Forget it. I still prefer to fight with some holds barred."

She put her hand on top of mine for a second and then moved past me. She walked towards the door of the living-room. I followed her. She didn't say anything else.

I walked home with Martin. It was difficult, now, acting it out, but vitally important that I should. I told him how utterly at sea I felt, knowing now that Sanbergh was not Buckingham, that I felt I'd been chasing a complete will o' the wisp, and that all was to be done again. The only ray of light anywhere was Tholen's letter, and this I showed him. He read it under a lamp, puckering his eyes.

When he had finished he said: "I know—I

I lay there with my eyes closed, breathing slowly,

told you. The rest of this damned jigsaw is still in Amsterdam. It stands to *reason*." I noticed the slight quickening in his voice. He was evidently pleased to get me out of the way, to set me still farther on the wrong track. "You'll go, of course?"

"I'm not sure." I wanted to see what he would say.

"You'd be crazy not to. If you're unable or unwilling to press this girl, the purpose of staying here has gone."

"I don't think she knows any more, except Buckingham's real name—or what she supposed is his real name. It may very well not be."

"But you'll come back?"

"Yes."

We reached a place where the path opened out, and from this point you could see most of the Bay of Naples moonshot and starlit. But his face was in shadow. "You want me to stay on here, Philip?"

"I shall be gone no time. Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes. Did you get any information in that letter from Java this morning? I saw one in your pigeon-hole before you got back."

I stared after a firefly that flickered across the path. "It was from Pangkal—that's the man

regularly, like a man asleep. I waited. Presently he began to move towards my bed. I knew the shape of his hands and what they'd feel like

who was Grevil's assistant and fell ill and Buckingham took his place. You can read it if you like."

I felt in my pocket and took out one or two letters. "Oh, it doesn't seem to be here. Anyway, it wasn't very helpful. Pangkal doesn't seem to have liked Buckingham."

We walked on.

"*Grevil* must have liked him," I said. "I still don't understand why."

"Buckingham is a very intelligent fellow. It's not unlikely that they got on well. He knows a lot."

"A lot of what? Cheap tricks and sharp practices and shoddy ways of making do."

MARTIN stopped to light a cigarette. "You'd make a mistake to under-rate Buckingham, Philip. If your brother was an exceptional man, so is he. There's nothing second-rate about him."

"Sometimes you give me the impression you have a sneaking admiration for the fellow."

The light flickered out.

After waiting a minute, I said: "Seriously, he seems to me no more than a prize bounder and small-time racketeer. If he had any exceptional quality he ought by the time he's forty to have been able to live off his past coups, not be a seamy down-and-out in Java."

"Taking risks is part of his temperament."

"I doubt it. These dunghill cocks usually run at the sight of danger."

He made an abrupt impatient movement of his cigarette. "Oh, *hell*, forget it. . . . You don't know him—and probably never will. I do—a little. I think maybe I understand why he does some of the things he does. I don't necessarily like him any the better for them—or necessarily condemn. It's an attitude of mind."

We walked on without saying any more. It gave me great satisfaction to feel I had touched him on the raw.

I wondered if my antagonism would show. It would be dangerous to let it show. Twice in this affair I'd been warned of danger—the first time by the Dutch girl who I thought now had recognized my companion and knew the risk. The more I saw and heard of Martin Coxon, the more I thought her estimate likely to be true. He had killed Grevil or been present at the killing in some manner and for some reason I had yet to discover. If he knew I knew, he and I would be on the edge of the same thing.

It was very necessary just now for me to walk carefully. Otherwise it might not only be Mme Weber who lived with death at her elbow.

I WOKE in the night and knew he was in my room. I'm a light sleeper, and he may have made some slight sound. I went on breathing at a slow, regular rate, and after a second or two he began to move again.

I'd never done any fighting except a bit of boxing in the navy, and I knew that against a man who would know every trick in the bag, such genteel experience would be as useful as an umbrella in a typhoon.

But I saw he had moved towards the wardrobe, and although I did not stir, I guessed he was searching my pockets. So then I knew what he was after.

I waited. Next, he went to the dressing-table and looked all over it. He got the two top drawers open without a sound, looked through them, shut them again, bent to a chair on which I had thrown a few things in my usual untidy way.

I must have changed my breathing slightly

Continued on page 36

Here's the royce for your rolls!

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KINGDOM OF THE ELEPHANT (2) *by E. A. Temple-Perkins*

I break the man-eaters' reign of terror

Night after night the savage killers struck: women were snatched from their homes. I called the tribesmen to arms and led the attack—on seventeen lions

THE MOST DANGEROUS ANIMALS to the hunter in Africa are the buffalo, elephant, lion and rhinoceros. But although hunters generally agree that these four are the most dangerous, there is wide disagreement on the order of precedence. The lion, however, probably gets most votes for first place.

The lion's quickness and agility in attack must be seen to be believed. It is easily the fastest of the four animals, with a top speed of about fifty miles an hour—roughly double that of the elephant. The buffalo is credited with thirty-five miles an hour and the rhino with twenty-eight miles an hour.

The subject of dangerousness of animals is inevitably viewed by each hunter according to his own experience. I have tried to make an impersonal assessment by a system of marking—awarding points to each animal for such traits as aggressiveness, cunning and determination when wounded, size of target, attacking in defence of its mate, and on the acuteness of its senses: sight, hearing and smell. The result puts lion first, rhino last, with elephant and buffalo bracketed together in between.

Although I have placed the lion as the most dangerous of the big game, I have long ceased to regard it as the king of beasts. In my opinion, the animal crown belongs to the elephant, which is superior in intellect and—not being carnivorous—has not the objectionable feeding habits of the lion.

The heading of a chapter about lions in a recent book reads: "The King is a Gentleman." In support of this, the author writes: "When the lion kills, it is because he must eat. He kills his quarry instantly. It is beneath his dignity to play with his victim as the house cat amuses itself with a terrified mouse."

I wonder. I certainly should not care to be dogmatic on this subject. Some of the lions I have met behaved in a very ungentlemanly fashion.

Slaughtered Sheep And Goats

I recall one fine young, full-grown male lion which I ran down in a shallow water course. When he was driven out he growled repeatedly and made three determined dashes for safety, but at length bounded into the clearing I was covering with my rifle. The night before I laid him low, he had killed several goats and sheep, behaving like that wanton killer the leopard. The only excuse I can offer for him is that he had a porcupine's quill right through one forepaw, and killing domestic stock did not involve pursuit or using that paw.

In 1924 I took administrative charge of the Ankole District of south-west Uganda. The district includes a place called Sanga, and at the time it was cursed by man-eating lions. Not a lone man-eater, but many, who imposed a reign of terror on the people, mainly Bahima, a pastoral tribe.

Temple-Perkins at his home in Uganda's big game country, where he has stalked and hunted for thirty-five years. Born in New Zealand, "T.P." holds seven big game records, and is an honorary warden of Uganda's national parks

When I took charge, the lion trouble had just begun. In the next sixteen weeks no fewer than 161 people were taken by the man-eaters.

The position called for drastic action, and I gathered all my resources. I encouraged the local people to try to help themselves and go into the fray as of old; there were some heroic conflicts. In one attack on two lions, two men were killed outright and four mauled, one dying in hospital. In the same area a lion was attacked and successfully driven off in the act of carrying away a woman.

In another area, a lion hunt resulted in five men being mauled, one dying in hospital, but the lion was eventually killed. And when a lion broke into a hut at night and carried off a baby, the mother spent two days and nights wandering through the bush looking for her child.

We systematically shot, trapped and poisoned until the menace ceased. Altogether seventeen lions were accounted for. That may not sound many, but my gameranger, Jemadar Makhan Singh, reckoned that one lion was responsible for eighty-four deaths and another for forty.

While the menace was at its height, my staff and I had frequent calls to arms. One afternoon, my native labour inspector arrived at my office in a state of great excitement and reported that four lions were "worrying" the road gang on the Sanga road.

I had visions of the road gang being treated like rag dolls, and lost no time in getting my car to go out to investigate. I took with me a newly arrived cadet—I shall call him "Blank"—who was shortsighted and had never hunted dangerous game before.

We found the gang drawn up at the side of the road, all intact but obviously perturbed. Just in front of them lay seven dead goats and sheep. I asked where the lions had gone. The men pointed out the direction. Blank and I set off. Sure enough, there were four lions sitting in the long grass like domestic cats, across a slight depression only three hundred yards away. They were evidently intent on their dead meat and merely waiting for their chance to make off with it.

Fired—And Failed To Kill

About fifty yards from the lions was a tall ant-hill with a large bush on top of it. It was an ideal place for a shot at the animals. Just as I reached the ant-hill and was putting off the safety catch of my rifle I found that Blank had gone. For some reason he had decided to traverse the side of the mound. At once I stood up, just in time to see the lions bounding off; Blank, of course, had shown himself.

I took a snap shot at one animal but failed to kill it, and it went off with its mate up a ridge to our left; the other two went along level ground to our right.

I collected Blank and dashed off up the rise. About halfway up I saw one lion behind a small thorn bush, but there was no sign of the mate I had shot. I slowed down in case he was lying in wait for us. When about fifty yards from the one I could see, I stopped and asked Blank whether he could see it.

"No," he said.

I pointed out the great, tawny body, crouching behind a thorn bush.

His next remark would qualify for any anthology of famous last words: "Oh, that. I thought it was an ant-hill."

I prepared for a shot. It was not easy country, as the grass was just high enough to obstruct a bullet. I approached to within thirty yards and fired for the chest. After a loud grunt, away went the lion over the hill, leaving a blood trail that we followed until some Bahima armed with spears took it up just over the crest. We then came back to look for the first lion in case it was still alive, but it had been found

dead and taken away by some natives just after I fired. We had narrowly missed seeing it—dead or alive—on our way to the second.

About half an hour later, just as the sun was setting, I caught sight of the other two lions that had gone off to the right. We gave chase while the light lasted, and I had two shots at one of them—a handsome, dark-maned brute—hitting it once at least, but I failed to stop it. The Bahima found their quarry, a large lioness, pretty far gone, just after we left them on the spoor, and riddled it with spears.

The Bahima cattle people are about as indifferent to a lion that attacks their beloved stock as we should be to foxes attacking our poultry. Their cattle are sacred to them. One youth encountered a lion in his kraal one night, making off with a heifer.

He threw a spear at it but failed to kill it. He went up to it, pulled out his spear and this time jabbed it into the beast's heart. I was presented with the skin.

A number of good hunters place the buffalo as the most dangerous of the "big four," but I agree with that experienced hunter, W. "Karamojo" Bell, on this matter.

"Why the buffalo should have got such an evil name has always puzzled me," he says. "I have shot hundreds during my hunting career, and I have never been charged. My experience of buffaloes is that they are worthy game in thick stuff, but in open country they are ludicrously easy things to kill."

Certainly the buffalo does not deserve the title "arch-fiend" that has sometimes been bestowed on him. Those who think so should have been with me in the flat country below Kichwamba in south-west Uganda one day when I was in pursuit of elephants.

On the way out at dawn, I passed a herd of about 120 buffaloes, and had to be careful not to put them up, as they might have stampeded in the direction of my elephants. After a long day, I came back on my track of the morning and assumed that the buffalo herd had by then gone to water. It was a shock, therefore, to walk into them when it was just too dark to shoot straight.

My first indication that there was anything in the waist-high grass was a swishing tail six yards in front of me. The next second the herd got to its feet as one animal, and I was confronted by a great black mass of dangerous beasts. In the half-light, it was quite alarming.

I did not fire, but merely rattled the bolt of my rifle. I was then about twenty-five yards from the bulk of the herd. Fortunately they were just as startled as I was, and did what I felt like doing—ran.

Herd Thundered Towards Me

So-called charges by buffaloes are often due only to their error in sense of direction when in retreat from strange scent or sound. I had a breathtaking experience as a result of such an error in a glade in the dense forest near Niamsingere Lake when I was hunting elephants.

My tracker had gone ahead on elephant spoor, while I sat down and rested for a while, enjoying the fresh air after the damp forest I had been tramping through for hours. A mile or so away the tracker put up a herd of about a hundred buffaloes. A shifting forest breeze caused them to make an error in their line of retreat and brought them thundering in my direction.

I heard the crashing of timber and undergrowth, and fortunately realized in time that the stampede was coming my way. There were one or two trees in the glade and I lost no time in nipping behind the nearest. It was a matter of seconds.

It was a nerve-racking sensation as the large herd thundered past on both sides of my meagre cover—a tree trunk barely eighteen inches in diameter—many of them almost touching my clothes with their widespread horns.

I doubted whether any individual buffalo would have stopped to attack me if it had sighted me, but I cannot say that I was happy. It was a thoroughly unpleasant predicament, and due entirely to an error on the part of the herd.

Another time I was photographing a herd of buffaloes at Malongo, in south-east Ankole, during the long rain season (March to May). From my camp I could see the flat top of the long, narrow hill of Kyazange, silhouetted against the eastern skyline.

Stalked Quarry At Sunset

I sighted the herd at the extreme western end of the hill in the late afternoon. It was an easy matter to approach to within a hundred yards of them, but then lack of cover became serious and the sun was setting, which made the prospects of photographing difficult. The wind was blowing fairly strongly across my front and, having advanced another fifty yards to an ant-hill, I waited in the hope that they would move to the left.

Ten minutes went by without success and I decided to get round to the other side of them. I climbed down the steep side of the hill and worked my way along the rock face to a grassy slope on the far side of my quarry. Under cover of a small tree, I got to within thirty yards of the outposts of the herd.

When I stood up with my camera in readiness, a bull, which had been lying down on the left of the herd completely obscured by the grass, got up and spotted me. He glared at me for a few moments and then the whole herd did likewise.

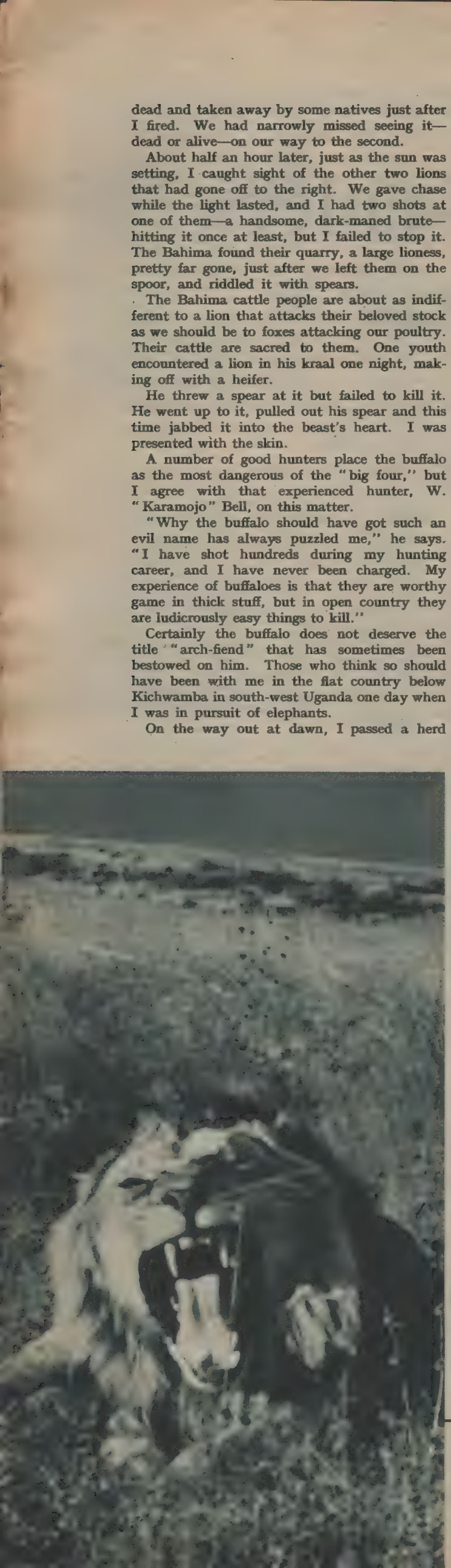
Unfortunately, my tree was of the low-spreading variety and I was unable to use my camera without moving right away from it. This I did, but my movement sent the herd stampeding towards the other side of the hill. I thought it possible that they would have to turn back, and therefore ran after them in the hope of getting a photograph while they were turning. I had my gun-bearer, Idi, and head boy, Hamisi, with me while at the tree, but when I ran after the herd I did not see what became of them.

As I had hoped, the herd stopped dead near the crest, and I was able to get within sixty yards and take a photograph. I was not quite satisfied, as most of them were half-hidden by a patch of yellow grass, but I could see one or two standing out distinctly.

Then, to my surprise, they all came trotting towards me. Instinctively, I looked round to see if there was any cover and to make sure that my rifles were handy. There was no sign of Idi and Hamisi, and a small thorn tree was the only available cover.

Fifty yards away from me the herd stood again and I got another photograph. This time they had gone more to my right, and were silhouetted against the skyline on the crest from which I had originally approached. They made a fine sight standing grouped, heads in the air, glaring at the intruder; but the intruder was not feeling altogether comfortable.

When they heard the click of the shutter, the



The African lion is a deadly attacker. One of the man-eaters hunted down by Temple-Perkins at Sanga had killed eighty-four local people.

Hippos wallowing in Lake George. They fight

each other viciously but rarely attack humans. Here, a hippo accidentally lifted Temple-Perkins's canoe off the water. Another almost fell into the craft

herd trotted towards the precipice. Then, when the leader saw their predicament, instead of rushing past me to the right or retreating again up-wind to my left, they turned in a solid mass and came towards me.

They were now thirty yards from me and meant mischief. However, there was nothing to be done: I could not get away, and the tree was no good to me. I braced myself and stood my ground—and took another picture.

I was on their side of the tree, so I had an uninterrupted view of them again, magnificently grouped against the skyline. The click of the shutter alarmed them once more and they started to move. But I could stand it no longer. I yelled to my boys, wherever they might be: "Fire, fire in the air!"

Two shots rang out, and the herd stopped and glared in the direction of the sound and then galloped away up-wind. The boys had been lying low in some undergrowth under a tree about fifty yards to my left rear and, of course, were watching for my signal.

It is a standing order of mine that nobody fires a shot in such a case until I give the order, unless I am in no position to give it.

Searched For Bull Elephants

I was once at still closer quarters with a single buffalo, with nothing more lethal in my hands than a pair of binoculars. It was in November, 1948, when I was on safari with an expert photographer at Mohokya, west of Lake George, where we had spent most of our time in the reserve photographing elephants and buffaloes.

One evening, I strolled along the road—the boundary of the reserve—to look at some bull elephants I had seen earlier in the day.

After studying the movements of the beasts as they wandered from one patch of vegetation to another, browsing their way towards the hills, I heard the sound of an animal trotting across the road just behind me. I hardly gave it a thought, as I took it to be a waterbuck, which are plentiful in that area.

Then I heard a loud snort. I got up and looked back across the road. Instead of finding a harmless, timid waterbuck, I was face to face with a full-grown buffalo only twenty yards away!

My mind started to work at top speed. At once I looked right and left for the comforting sight of a large tree, but there was not one within 150 yards. I knew too well that it was madness to challenge a buffalo to a sprint over that distance.

It was a nerve-racking moment as we stood there glaring at each other. With no hope of help, no chance of escape and no means of defence, I decided that I would have to take the initiative.

Grasping my binoculars in my right hand, I waved my arms and gave vent to a roaring bellow which I hoped would be disconcerting even to a formidable buffalo. But it was not. The brute merely advanced a step or two and gave me an answering snort—and a look that would freeze the marrow—while tossing its massive head from side to side as if practising for the conflict about to take place.

My predicament was desperate. It was now essential to take aggressive action whatever the consequences. I was half-inclined to hurl my binoculars in its face. Better judgment stopped me. Instead, I gave another mighty roar and rushed forward, waving my arms.

The great, black creature stood for a second; then, with a final snort and toss of the head, slewed round and trotted off. When it had gone twenty yards it stopped, turned and lifted its head high to see if I was following—which, if it had only known, was the least likely thing in the world to happen—and then broke into a canter and disappeared in some scrub.

Hot Springs Hid Buffaloes

I had another encounter with both buffaloes and elephants when I was hunting in the Bwamba forest, on the foothills of the north-west side of the Ruwenzori Mountains, in 1935. While on duty there, I was reminded by my porters that I had promised them meat.

It looked a most unlikely place to find any, but I was assured that there were always buffaloes to be found in the forest glades below some hot sulphur springs, where they wallowed in the warm mud.

As I scanned the country with my binoculars—I was camped at some height above the springs—I saw an elephant fairly close in, and its ivory appeared to be worth attention. No sooner had I started off towards it than it began to rain, but this did not deter me.

Shortly after passing the boiling springs, we came to a swamp that had to be crossed. We waded into the black mud, which got hotter and hotter as we proceeded, and I began to wonder

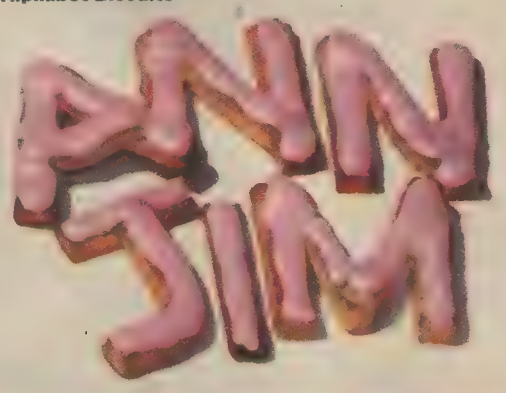
Continued on page 46

Bake a Thimble Pie ... and all these other treats as well!

Cheese Cup Crisps

Chocolate and Coconut Cubes

Alphabet Biscuits



Cookeen Batch-baking shows you how!

Thimble Pie? It's a fruit pie—and the top layer of pastry has been punched all over with your silver thimble. Easy, quick, and such a nice change. The Cheese Cup Crisps are a delicious surprise, the Chocolate and Coconut Cubes a delight. And the Alphabet Biscuits just *make* a children's tea party. Read how Cookeen Batch-baking does all this!

1. Make Cookeen Short Crust Pastry using 1 lb. flour, 8 ozs. Cookeen, 4 tablespoons water and a level teaspoon salt, following the rules on the Cookeen pack.
2. Drain 1 tin peaches (or plums, etc.)
3. Divide pastry into two and roll out thinly. Line a 7-inch pie plate with one half, pile in the sweetened fruit with a little juice. With a thimble punch holes in the second half and cover the pie. Brush with milk and sprinkle with castor sugar.
4. Put the pastry trimmings into a bowl and work in 1-2 tablespoons castor sugar. Roll out, cut into thin strips and make Alphabet Biscuits.
5. Brush 4-inch square slices of stale bread (quarter inch thick) with melted Cookeen. Press each well down into a patty pan to make cups for Cheese Crisps.
6. Turn on the oven to Regulo 6 or 400 F.
7. Make a Victoria Sandwich mixture using 4 ozs. self-raising flour, 3 ozs. Cookeen, 3 ozs. castor sugar and 2 eggs, and put this mixture into a lined, 7-inch square cake tin.
8. Now put Thimble Pie on 2nd shelf from top and cook for 35-40 minutes. Cup Crisps alongside and cook for 15-20 minutes. Put the cake on 4th shelf from top and cook for 30 minutes, and Alphabet Biscuits on bottom shelf and cook for 20-30 minutes.
9. Make a savoury filling for Cheese Cup Crisps using quarter pint cheese sauce and 2 ozs. each of cooked bacon and mushrooms.
10. Finish Alphabet Biscuits by dipping in pink Glacé Icing.
11. Cover cake when cool with Chocolate Fudge Icing and cut into squares. Brush sides with warmed apricot jam and desiccated coconut

Give your cooking the 'Golden Touch'!

Cookeen gives you perfect golden pastry every time you bake. It makes all your baking *taste* delicious of course. But have you noticed how beautifully appetising everything *looks?* It's no trouble with Cookeen to give everything you cook the 'Golden Touch'. Get some today! If you want to learn the full details and each recipe for these dishes, send for Batch-baking leaflet No. 5 to:—Dept. JB4, Cookeen Batch-baking, 11 Great Suffolk Street, London, S.E.1.

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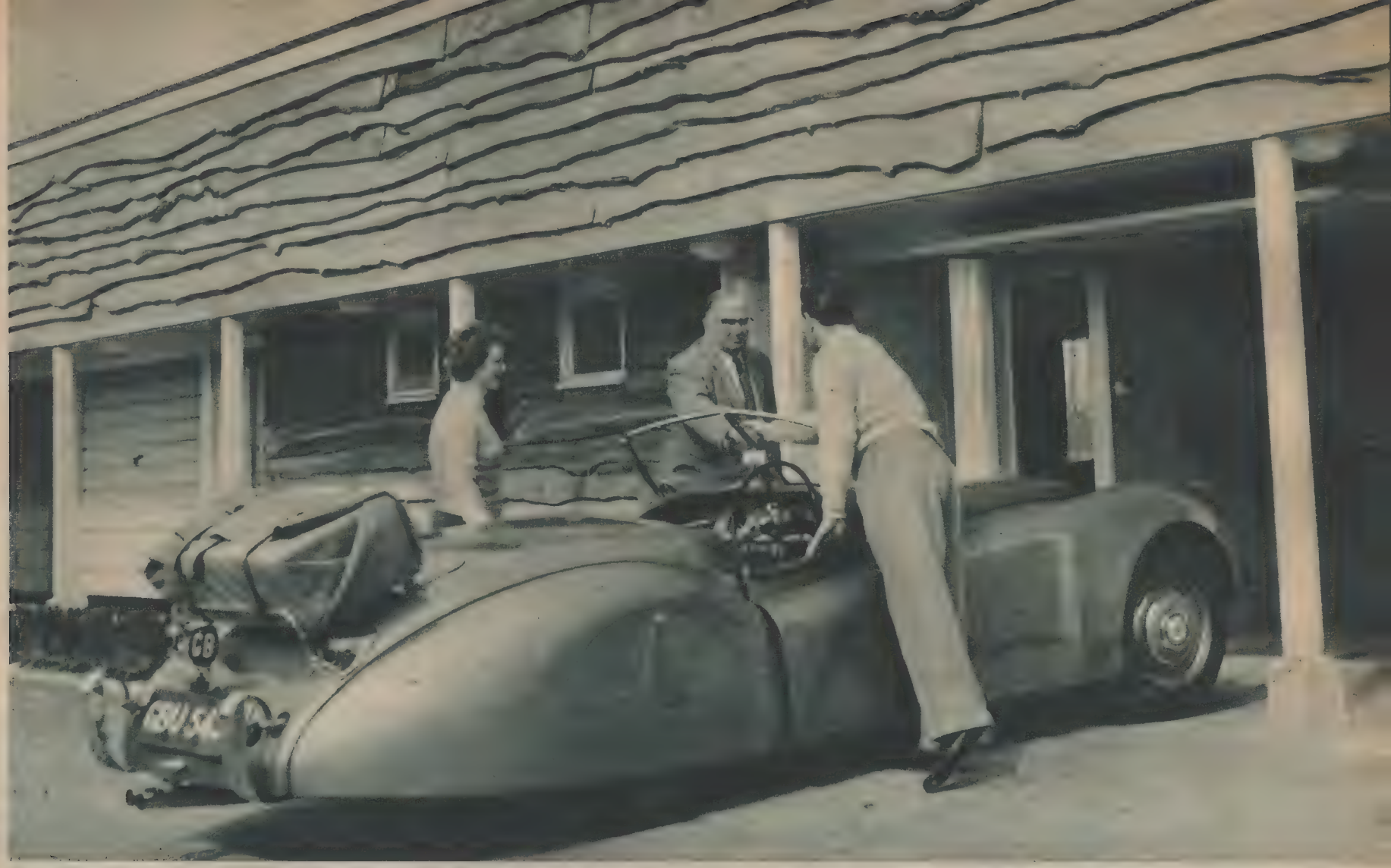

Outside one of the motel chalets, Lyon (centre) welcomes two guests. After parking their car inside, they can step straight into their apartment

A new kind of hotel has come to Britain. Inn-keeper Graham Lyon opened it in the grounds of a village pub. Now he's inviting motorists to . . .

Drive up to the bedroom door

by ARTHUR EPERON

LAST AUTUMN, a woman drove up to the Royal Oak Inn at New Inn Green, on the main London—Dover road, in a small saloon car and booked in for one night. When she had stayed a week, the staff became restive. The manager asked diplomatic questions about her date of departure.

The receptionist hinted at the beauty and warmth of Devon and the peace of the New Forest, and suggested that the Kent countryside could become boring. The woman stayed a month. When she did go, most of the staff turned out to see her off.

They had nothing against the woman, who was a pleasant guest. It was simply that the Royal Oak is no longer an ordinary inn. It is the pioneer in Britain of the motel—the hotel at which a motorist puts himself and his car to bed under the same roof. Motels, which come from America, are meant for tourists who stay one night and move on.

The first motel was opened in the United States in 1925. Now there are nearly 70,000, against 40,000 ordinary hotels. America spent £150 million on new motels last year.

Early motels were just shacks behind a filling-station; tourists slept on iron bedsteads, bought snacks from a hamburger stall or cooked on a spirit stove. Now, some have their own swimming-pools, tennis courts and private beaches. One in Florida has a dance hall. Another provides little sports cars in which the guest can drive to the beach without bothering to unload the luggage from his big saloon car.

There is fierce competition among American motels. Main highways are lined with hoardings boosting each in Hollywood superlatives: "Best Beds in the Universe"; "Better Food Than Mother Can Cook." One owner with an individualistic publicity sense advertises: "Worst Motel in the South." Tourists don't have to slow down to find if there are vacancies—a board down the highway tells them.

Motels in America are cheaper than formal hotels for the family tourist. The charge for a bed—about £1 10s. per person per night—is about the same, but there are no extras. The motorist does not have to unpack his luggage, and he can arrive or leave at any time.

Royal Oak Motel, in Kent, was started by Graham Lyon, an English hotel-keeper, because American tourists kept lamenting that there were no motels in Britain. Lyon was sceptical at first; on twenty prewar visits to America he had seen the early motels and thought little of them.

But in 1948 he decided to have another look. He drove 18,000 miles, saw two thousand motels and found a big change in them. Back in England, he did not merely copy American motels. He set out to offer their facilities in the setting of an English inn. He took the lease of the Royal Oak, fourteen miles from the Dover car ferry and seven miles from Folkestone, modernized the bar and dining-room and, in the grounds, built chalets—garages with adjoining rooms.

Tea-maker Wakens Guests

Some have twin-bedded rooms with an extra divan. Others have a lounge with two double bedrooms over the garage. All have their own bathroom, radio, telephone and desk with writing materials, flowers and a Bible. By each bed is an automatic tea-maker which sounds an alarm and pours early-morning tea. In each bathroom is ice-water and a socket for an electric shaver.

When a motorist arrives at the Royal Oak, he pays 27s. 6d. per person for bed and breakfast. Then the chambermaid shows him his chalet; she lifts a lever and the garage doors open. The motorist parks his car and takes four steps into his private apartment. After that, no one worries him. He puts his shoes and any clothes which need pressing into a door-cupboard, and the maid collects them. He can leave when he likes.

It is not easy to start a motel in Britain. Lyon's first difficulty was to persuade planning authorities to let him put up the chalets; to

Continued on page 46

The life and death of Colonel Brown

by ***PAULINE CLARKE***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Poor old Colonel! Throughout his life he had enjoyed a good joke.
Tonight we had the best one of all—and he would never know of it

We were all upset at the news about the Colonel, and we passed the hat round. Harry, leaning on the bar, was staring sadly through the doorway

I WILL NEVER FORGET that night, the night we heard the old Colonel was dead. I remember it that well, I even remember the weather. That was one of those funny old warm days, freak-like, in November, with a fine rain, blowing soft, but Harry had got the fire a-roaring up the chimney in the bar like he always do, to make things look cheerful. And there we was, a-sitting round all in a sweat with the heat.

"I reckon you been and overdone it this time, Harry boy," say Billy, and he began a-winding off his old scarf he always wear, puffing and blowing.

"The warmer you get the more you'll drink," say Harry cheerfully, pouring me my ale.

"I like an old roast meself," say old Dory, next the fire. He's thin, is old Dory, thin as a peastick, and white hair. And his eyes, eyes like ripe old gooseberries. More like an old goat than anything, Dory is.

"Talk of roast," began Jo Balls, "astonishing thing old Miss Jobson's not roast, I'll say."

"What's she been doing now?" I say.

"Haven't you heard that?" say several of them together, all wanting to tell the story.

"She been and set herself a-fire," Harry say, very serious.

"How did that happen, then?" I say, as I knows I was meant.

"She had that old candle under her bed no doubt, too near altogether."

"Time she stopped playing about with candlelight, an old soul that age."

"She's that stubborn, you can't tell her nothing. Well, afore she knew where she were, she were a-fire. It woke her up, the smell, and all the smoke."

"Poor old soul," I say. She's a crusty old soul, but never mind, she were to be pitied.

"It's a wonder she weren't smoked in her bed like a kipper," say someone. "She leap out o' bed, the room full o' smoke. But the window was open, for a mercy. And what should draw up outside in the street at that moment but the bus what they'd all been to the pictures in."

"My missus was on it," put in Billy.

"Well, they see all this smoke billowing out and they smell the burning, like, and they dive for the old soul's door. She'd come downstairs by that time and opened it up. So Billy's missus and several, they mob up the stairs and pitch the whole mattress into the street out the window. That weren't exactly flaming, you understand, that were smouldering more."

"Dear oh dear," I say. "Poor old soul."

And it were just then that in come Jimmy, young Jimmy Lane.

"Leave you that door open, for goodness' sake," say someone, and Harry, he laughed. So leave it he did.

"Have you heard?" say Jimmy, going over to the bar, serious like. "Someone tell me the old Colonel's dead."

"No!" There were such a silence then, you could hear the coals drop. Because the Colonel's often in at the Hound. Nothing were more natural but he'd come in that very minute.

"I'm terrible sorry to hear that," say Harry, putting his fist to the handle. "Who tell you that?"

"Sam. I just now met Sam Woodhouse and he say, 'Did you hear the old Colonel's dead?' And that's all I know. He didn't know no more, neither."

"That may not be right."

"Who was it tell Sam?"

"Mogson mention it, in the Post Office."

"Well, well. That's a job. He were a good sort. I always liked the old Colonel."

"We all liked the Colonel," Harry say, as if there was no arguing, and that was that.

"Why, he were here . . . Monday, was it, Harry?"

"Wednesday," say Harry, short.

"And only Friday today. We'll miss him, an' all," someone say.

PETER WHITTLE say what we was all thinking. "The whole place'll miss him. He do a rare old lot for the place. I never will forget the matter o' the Hall."

"That were the year you was clerk, Peter?" Harry say, giving Peter his chance.

"That were. And there was I, all in a muck sweat, bidding away at this here auction. In this here very room, that were," Peter say, looking around.

"Next door," mutter Harry. (And he were right: we mostly remembered the auction and it were in the parlour, but this were no time to argue.)

"And there was I, allowed to go up to a thousand pounds by the Council. This were a long time ago," he say, looking at young Jimmy, "or I doubt it'd have been a sight more. That weren't village property then, you see; that had belonged to old Lady Rogers and she die and make no provision. But she'd always let us the use of it. Well, there was the auctioneer, up there," and he points to the bar.

"Never," say Harry under his breath.

"Sykes it were, and I was a-catching of his eye. And there was the Colonel, over there as it might be Jo. We began at £500. Yes. And up and up we go. £550, £600, £650, £700. And we gets to £950 and I can't think what he's playing at. His father's always been a friend of the village, though lately he'd died. Dear oh dear. I was all a-running with heat, that's the truth on it. And I give him a look or two. Not but what I didn't have to keep my eye on Sykes.

"Well, we get to £1,000, and I couldn't go up no higher, not nohow, and up he go to £1,050, and down go the hammer. And we didn't know what to say. Only hall in the place, and it meant a deal to us, that did. But the Colonel, he was smiling all over his face. 'Mr. Whittle,' he say to me, 'I have much pleasure in presenting you, as parish clerk, with this here hall, for the use of the village, as and when they like.' Cheer! I should say we did. You remember, Harry?"

"Ay, I remember," say Harry.

"WE'VE had good times there. We had a good time there the night his daughter were married. You were there, weren't you, Jo?" I say.

"We was all there that night. Cor. That were a lovely dance and a lovely supper, and no mistake," Jo say.

"My, he were fond o' that daughter of his," Harry put in.

"Pity that turned out the way that did. You wouldn't think, to see the young man at the wedding, he'd be that kind at all. I always thought the old Colonel must have been very disappointed about that."

"He were never quite the same again, so they say."

"She married again, of course, when that was over, the divorce. But that weren't no church wedding that time. That were very quiet. That were very quiet indeed, at the Register Office somewhere."

"Hard to think we won't never hear him tell the apple story no more," I say, after a minute. For that was almost my favourite of all the stories against himself he do tell.

"What was that then?" young Jimmy say.

"I don't know as I can tell it how he did. That were in the early days of the war, and there was a lot of old troops hereabouts in camp, and the Colonel's orchards run along the road, as you know. Well, he kept being bothered with these lads, a-climbing in and stealing on the fruit, so he and his wife (that was afore she got ill at all), they used to pitch a little old tent down there, come harvest time, and sleep out on guard. His son had gone of course, called up, and all his men, so it was him or no one. Well, the troubles they did have with it. I can hear him now, a-telling about that tent, can't you, Harry?"

"I can, an' all," Harry say, sad like.

"They'd set this burglar alarm, a pop-gun affair that were, and then they'd creep in this tent. They were both game then. Well, one night they was woke up to the gun going off: and they both together make a dive for this tent door, and the first thing is they jam. Then when he do get out, over he fall, *wallop*, over the guy rope, and by the time he get to the corner where the alarm was, what with him swearing and her laughing, there was no one there, he's got clean away, of course. But the Colonel he were in a furious old temper and he rush to the end of his drive in his pyjamas, and shake his fist, and just then along come a soldier and his girl.

"They'd heard the gun, of course. So when they see the Colonel, the girl say, 'Help, help, has anybody been shot?' 'No,' roar the Colonel, 'but they blankety-blank soon will be.' He tell that story against himself many times."

"Oh, he had a funny old temper all right," old Dory say. And no one would have more

Continued on page 34

Suddenly, his face froze. "Cripes," he muttered

Boyce instructs a stretcher party descending a stairway. In uniform are his two attendants, Wood (leading) and Malcolm

At Cherbourg, Boyce greets the port's health officer. Until they confer, no one lands. On one trip to Buenos Aires, Boyce had to vaccinate everyone against flu

Doctor who takes his surgery to sea

by DON EVERITT

On his liner, Herbert Boyce is doctor, dentist and undertaker. With a team of three he looks after a thousand passengers and crew. He may even stop a man with a cold from sailing

THE SEAMAN CLIMBED OUT of the crow's nest of the Andes, weary from peering into the black stormy Biscay night. He felt for the ladder with his foot and put his weight on a rung. But the ship's roll, exaggerated by the height, slipped the rung from under him. With a shout, he clutched the ladder and swung out frantically from the inclined foremast seventy feet above the deck. Somehow, he thrashed and twisted himself back into the crow's nest. The man relieving the watch found him crumpled up, unable to move.

It was 3 a.m. when the liner's doctor was called. Doctor Boyce slipped on his shoes and dressing gown, and hurried on deck. He instructed seamen to strap the injured man to a stretcher. But they reported that every time they tried to move him he groaned in agony.

The bulky doctor filled a hypodermic syringe with morphia and, still in night attire, stolidly climbed the swaying, wind-torn mast to the cramped, D-shaped lookout. He injected the patient, then had him strapped painlessly to the stretcher, and lowered on ropes to the deck. He followed, unhurried, down the ladder.

In the ship's hospital, Boyce diagnosed and treated the man for a suspected back injury; in port, X-rays confirmed that in struggling to reach safety he had broken three small bones in his spine.

During a regular five-week run from Britain to the Argentine and back, Herbert Stanley Boyce, medical factotum of the Royal Mail Lines flagship Andes, is responsible for the health of about one thousand passengers and crew. To care for this floating, cosmopolitan population, the doctor, a nursing sister and two hospital attendants maintain a self-contained health service.

Inevitably they work with limited, though normally adequate facilities. At sea, situations not always covered in medical school curricula arise to tax the doctor.

Just before the Andes sailed from Southampton in January, 1951, the Argentine health authorities, scared by a European influenza epidemic, cabled that the crew and all passengers bound for Buenos Aires had to have

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Boyce attends a cabin patient. Like a shore doctor he holds a surgery, and is on call day and night

In his dispensary, Boyce takes blood from a donor. One stormy night he climbed to the crow's nest to inject a seaman who had broken his back. The man was then lowered by ropes to the deck

anti-influenza vaccinations. At the last moment, Boyce took on board eighty phials of the then rare vaccine.

Two days out of Southampton, a radio message cancelled the first instruction. Later, as the ship steamed down the South American coast, the Argentinians reimposed the vaccination order.

With the ship's nursing sister, Doreen Wiseman, the doctor worked almost non-stop for forty-eight hours to vaccinate the crew of 450 and about 500 passengers before the liner berthed. Royal Mail Lines gave Boyce a £60 bonus for the job.

Fitness Check On The Crew

For the doctor, every voyage starts on the day before sailing with a strict fitness check of the potential newcomers to the crew. Boyce rejects men with colds, skin disorders and other conditions likely to impair their efficiency.

"You can't sign on, with your mouth in that condition," he told a man recently. "Get those two teeth out this afternoon, and you can sail." Protesting vainly that he did not have toothache, the seaman hurried to the nearest dentist.

The same morning, the ship's chief purser, a conscientious officer, came to the consulting room. He had been unwell at the end of the last voyage. Now, in spite of a little breathlessness after walking only half the length of the ship, he said he felt fit. Boyce examined his heart. He did not like what he heard. The purser said he could hardly quit only a few hours before sailing, so Boyce insisted that he went at once to bed for at least two days.

Later, he met the purser, still busy, with the company's marine superintendent. The doctor now tactfully mentioned his concern. The superintendent promptly promoted the

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Boyce and Sister Wiseman make their daily round of patients. When an expectant mother was accepted as a passenger, her baby was born ten days early. Sister Wiseman was the midwife

To spite Celie Sullivan

by ***JO LUNDY***

ILLUSTRATED BY KOOLMAN

Oh, it was heartless! He had saved £400 for their wedding. Now he was giving it all away

FATHER TABOR WAS SORRY for both of them—the handsome, pig-headed son of Dennis Bourke, and the red-haired, rattle-brained daughter of Giffy Sullivan; and in a way he felt a good bit responsible for their troubles. If he hadn't allowed his anger to overcome his judgment that day more than a year ago, he never would have spoken as he had to Tim Bourke, and Tim Bourke would never have postponed his wedding to Celie Sullivan until he had half a year's pay put by in savings.

He ought to have foreseen that it might end like this, Father Tabor thought—with Tim, grandly drunk at the main doors of the bank, giving away his pound notes to all who'd take them, and Celie distractedly trying to get somebody, anybody, to stop him before the whole of his £400 was gone.

"Oh, he'll surely be sorry for this, won't he, Father? Our good wedding money he worked so hard for!" She danced her little high-heeled shoes on the pavement till she sounded like a pony running. "I never thought he'd really do it, Father. Look at the queue! There's Mrs. Glynn and Katie Farrell and Bob O'Day—the shame of them, getting up an hour before dawn just to be here waiting when the bank opened. There'll be beer running in rivers tonight, and all bought with my Tim's money!"

The crowd was surprisingly well behaved, Father Tabor noted. With only minimum encouragement and guidance from Constables O'Donnel and Ryan, it had quickly formed a queue that entirely circled the block; and nobody seemed to find it at all amiss that those who had already received pound notes kept right on marching and would eventually be in a position to receive another. After all, Tim wasn't being selective.

"Oh, it's wicked," Celie wept. "It's heartless!" Her hair was bright as sunshine, her tears were bright as rain.

"Who was it," asked Father Tabor sternly, "who told a fine, well-meaning boy that she'd never marry a penny-pincher?"

"But my wedding dress is growing yellow with age!" she flashed. She stood on tiptoe, making herself tall so that the boy would see her. "Tim! Tim!" she shouted. "Oh, please use the sense you were born with. Think of the honeymoon trip we could have, or the elegant sofa for the parlour!"

It was heart-rending the way he took no notice of her. A lock of his black hair fell down over his black brows, and he pushed it up with the hand holding the notes. The smell of good Irish whiskey hung over him, but he was steady on his feet and only sang a bit now and then.

"Good luck to you all," he beamed, and wet his thumb to peel another note from the great wad. "A fine lot of my neighbours are here, I see, but many a stranger too and all are welcome. Did you know it was to be my wedding day? I wish myself luck too, in that I escaped it."

THE priest saw the look on Celie's face and knew that it was time for him to say a word. "There's no luck bought with stubbornness, Timothy Bourke," he called. "Have a thought for your girl, here; you've punished her enough."

Tim's dark eyes glinted, warm yet hard. "Is it the redhead you're pointing at, Father? But that's Brian Salter's girl, the one he took to the

Tim ignored Celie and Father Tabor. He peeled another note from his roll and handed it to

dance the week before last. Or maybe she's Danny Riordon's girl; she went with him on the excursion boat—I forget which day."

"And didn't I ask you first if you'd take me?" Celie cried hotly. "Didn't I beg you first? 'I've got my bankbook nearly filled,' you said. 'I'll not start spending all that good money on flim-flams and foolishness.' 'Then I'll go with somebody else,' I said, and I did!"

Tim was not listening. "You're heartily welcome, I'm sure," he said and bowed to a little girl in pigtails. "It's a pleasure indeed," he said to a gaunt old lady. "There are some people," he lectured to anybody listening, "who think holy wedlock should be planned for and sacrificed for and entered into soberly and God-fearingly." He almost lost his balance bowing to Mrs. Duffy, but caught himself nobly. "There's others who'd prance into it with their pockets empty."

He gave Bill Kane a pound note and a wink. "Everybody can think what they like about it," he roared happily, "but those that think one way shouldn't wed at all with them that think the opposite! And a good day to you, Mrs. Delaney."

Father Tabor shifted guiltily. These were his own words coming back to him—the way he'd said them to Tim the day young Mark Haggerty was hauled from the river with only the bare breath of life left, after a terrible quarrel with his wife over money. Father Tabor had been so upset by the trouble that he'd said either too much or too little to a boy already uneasy about marriage.

"Sure, it's true what you're saying, Tim, darling," Celie was coaxing. "I never thought for a minute that we shouldn't have savings. Why, what if I should take sick, the week after we're married? There'd be the doctor and the hospital and all——"

"And how is your mother?" asked Tim of young Sean McMurtry. "Oh, there she is behind you. I couldn't see her at first—you've grown so big. Mrs. McMurtry, will you have a pound note?"

"That I will," said the stout woman, smiling. "Wouldn't I be wanting something for nothing?"

Celie was shocked. "There she goes, taking money like any common beggar, and her with a husband pulling down twelve pounds a week! I never thought I'd see my friends taking the very bread from my mouth! . . ."

A man came out of the bank with a parcel of ten-shilling notes for Tim. "Here's the last of it, Mr. Bourke," he said. "And I must say I've never before encountered such foolishness." He gave Father Tabor a withering glance, as if to say that it was a poor shepherd who could manage his flock no better than this, and then he turned and went back into the bank.

"The last of it!" Celie echoed, almost beside herself. "He'll never marry me now." She put a hand to her forehead and rolled up her eyes, and Tim himself was beginning to look a bit

the child. "You're heartily welcome," he said

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green. Four hundred pounds was a fearful lot of money to give away, now that the drink was wearing off. If Celie had held her tongue just then, he might have weakened.

But no, she had to choose that moment to remind him of the full solid year she'd waited, with never a cinema or a Saturday dance or a box of chocolates to help with the courting; and under the storm of her words, Tim rallied to give out the last of the notes almost as blithely as he had given the first.

It was when he had only a thin sheaf of them left, and Father Tabor's attention was taken by a small man in a plaid coat wanting to know where the end of the queue was, that Celie gave a wild shriek of woe and turned and ran blindly out into the street. The mudguard of a lorry struck her, and in an instant she was lying there quiet and broken looking, with her bright hair spread like melted gold on the dark roadway.

A GROAN from a hundred throats mixed with the screeching of brakes, and then the queue bulged and Tim's terrible cry lifted to the heavens. His face was dark with self-hatred as he took her into his arms.

"Celie, Celie, darling," he wailed. "Celie, I never meant for anything to hurt you——"

Celie's eyes opened, closed, and then opened again with wonder and delight. "Do you forgive me, Tim darling?" she said. "Do you forgive me after all?"

"Do I forgive you! Oh, Celie, my little love, where would you find another such fool as me? Here I've gone and murdered you with my wickedness, while I'd kill any other man that harmed a single hair of your head."

The tears were pouring from his eyes; he was a man stricken to the soul, and if ever Celie could have got the upper hand, then was the time. But instead of taking her advantage, she only wriggled around a bit to get herself closer into his arms and crooned some foolish nonsense into his ear. It was plain to see she was not injured and very soon the traffic was honking to be let by, and Constables O'Donnel and Ryan were dispersing the crowd.

Father Tabor gathered up a note or two that had been overlooked in the excitement and thoughtfully trudged away to the side door of the bank, where his good friend Father Lansing of St. Rose Parish waited with the basket. For a minute there, Father Tabor had been more than a little disturbed, but his faith had strengthened when he'd seen Celie Sullivan open her eyes.

"Did they give you all of it, Father?" he asked.

"Indeed, Father, and a bit over. There was a stranger or two, who had the idea they were giving to the Church. I couldn't know what it was that O'Donnel and Ryan had been telling them—but they seemed quite reconciled to giving their own money as well as Tim's."

"God's blessing on them," said Father Tabor quietly. "And on the good people of St. Rose Parish, and of my own parish, for their unselfishness."

He closed the basket of notes and gently patted the lid. After Tim and Celie were married they would have their savings whole again; a bit of worry in the meantime would do them no harm.

"Will you walk into the bank with me, Father?" he asked. THE END

BEGINNING A NEW SERIES BY DR. GLYN DANIEL

Guess What?

THIS small object is made of ivory and decorated with inlay and fretting. Once widely used in the home, it measures eight inches long. One end is soft and the other holds a screw fitting. Is it . . .

(a) A shaving brush and stand?

(b) A Victorian silver buffer?

(c) A pin cushion and thread holder?

(d) A nutcracker and apple polisher?

Glyn Daniel tells you more on page 34

DOCTOR GLYN DANIEL is a lecturer in archaeology at Cambridge University, an expert on food and wine and the author of *Welcome Death*, a recent best-selling detective novel. He is famous as the chairman of TV's *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?*

DOCTOR WHO TAKES HIS SURGERY TO SEA

Continued from page 29

deputy purser and sent the too conscientious chief purser home for a rest.

As the boat trains arrive, the doctor details his attendants and the sister to meet invalid passengers. The Andes carries a high proportion of elderly, ailing people who make the round voyage for a rest or convalescence.

As the passengers embark, Boyce and Sister Wiseman call on those who have specified that they need medical care. One man brought a note from his family doctor which read: "We shall be obliged if you would put a wooden plank in his bed." The man had fractured a leg. Another man of seventy with a weak heart had orders not to drink alcohol. Boyce passed them on to the barman in case the man was tempted.

The doctor can recommend the rejection of sick passengers just as he rejects unfit crew members. He rarely does. He holds that he has little right to interfere with the wishes of a seriously ill person, particularly of the man returning to his native country to die.

At the ship's first outward port of call, Cherbourg, a Latin-American who had severe cancer of the stomach once begged Boyce to allow him to travel. Confined to bed for most of the voyage, the man needed constant nursing. Twice, the doctor gave him a transfusion of blood from the hospital attendant, Ernest Malcolm, one of four universal blood donors in the crew. The patient died a few weeks after reaching his home in Buenos Aires.

Royal Mail Lines, like most shipping companies, tries to discourage women in advanced pregnancy from travelling. One embarkation day at Southampton, Boyce saw an expectant mother board the ship. With Sister Wiseman, he called on her. The woman, a Pole, said she expected the baby ten days after joining her husband in Buenos Aires, where they planned to start a new life. Boyce hopefully took her word. In the Bay of Biscay, high seas made the woman violently sick. Late in the afternoon of the next day, she started her labour. The doctor and Sister Wiseman delivered the baby just after midnight.

At sea, the doctor has surgery hours like any other practitioner, and is always on call. Once outside the British three-mile limit, he ceases to act under the National Health Service. For one consultation in a day, the shipping company charges up to five shillings, for two or more a maximum of ten shillings. This daily rate applied even when Sister Wiseman and a relief sister had to keep a constant day-and-night watch on an elderly woman who walked the ship in her sleep and one night telephoned the captain for a cup of tea.

Storm Caused Havoc

The consultations come thick and fast when high seas upset the stomachs and equilibrium of the passengers. In a freak storm off the South American coast, a wave smashed four portholes, swamping the cabins. One woman leaped out of bed and gashed her foot on the broken glass. In another cabin, a Uruguayan woman screamed and pleaded hysterically to be taken home.

Elsewhere in the ship, a woman jumped out of bed to prevent a tea tray sliding off a table and fell headlong through a bathroom door and into the bath. Stabilizers recently fitted to the ship have cut the demand for seasickness tablets, particularly in the Bay of Biscay.

The main offices of the department labelled "Doctor—Medico" in the Andes comprise a waiting room, consulting room, dispensary, the doctor's cabin, and a hospital divided into an operating theatre and male and female wards. With no port more than six days away during the five-week voyage, the doctor rarely has to carry out major surgery.

Some time ago, a fish cook caught an index finger in an electric mincer, and it looked as if the finger would have to be amputated.

Boyce decided to try to save it. In the operating theatre, he anaesthetized the man's arm, then removed the splintered bone, reset what was left, and mended the wounds with twenty-two stitches. In a splint, the finger healed stiff but whole.

Besides doctoring and also undertaking—he embalmed one body so that it could be brought back to Britain—Boyce is the ship's dentist and its counterpart of a town's medical officer of health. He tests the fresh water supplies taken on at every port and he regularly examines the ship's perishable stores.

The Andes does eight voyages a year, including one, sometimes two, summer cruises. Boyce usually misses one of the summer voyages at his own expense to stay at home with his wife and two young children in Belfast. Between other voyages, he generally gets home for about a week.

In his early forties, Boyce has served with Royal Mail Lines since 1947. He qualified as a doctor in 1939 and was an R.A.F. medical officer during the war. For many doctors life on a ship would quickly grow monotonous, but for a man of Boyce's equable temperament it contains a good deal of interest and humour.

The life is luxurious and convivial, as some of the doctor's patients prove. On two consecutive nights, one woman jumped fully clothed into the bathing pool. And early one morning, a belated husband tip-toed into his cabin in his socks and in the dark to avoid waking his wife, and tried to sit on a chair that wasn't there. He hurt his back, and his irate wife sent for the doctor. THE END

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COLONEL BROWN

Continued from page 27

cause to know it than Dory, who was a real old poacher in his younger days.

"I like a man with spirit," Harry answer to this.

"Ay. He was, too. Work us to death in the Home Guard, he would. Drilling and crawling about on your belly and climbing walls and hedges. Cor. And all this halting and who-goes-thereing. Never will I forget all that."

"Ay, but he done it all himself, what he ask us to do. He done more duties than anyone."

"That was his life, of course."

"He'd be up there by that post, marching up and down, most nights."

"When that invasion scare were on?"

"Yes. And one night he kept hearing movements, and thinking someone were there, and telling himself he were losing his nerve. Well, in the end, he felt sure there were someone in that wood, and he bellow *'Halt!'*"

"That was some old cow, no doubt."

"No, that weren't any old cow, neither. There was no answer, except a lot of breathing and giggling, so he say, 'Halt, who goes there?' again. And then up rose young Dawson and his girl from behind a tree, and he say, 'Friends' in a sheepish voice, picking the straws out of his hair. (That was high summer). 'Friends!' say the Colonel, taking it in, what it was. 'That's putting it mildly, young man,' he say roaring with laughter, and he send them home quick-sharp. We laughed over that when he come to tell us. My, we laughed over that all right."

"He liked a joke, as much as anyone, that's a fact."

"That was a sad business, about young Mister Terence," Harry say next. And we all look at the sergeant, because that's his story.

"I was never more sorry to have to do anything," he began, and he give a good long pull at his pipe, "than what I was to have to deliver that telegram. Mogson, he got on to me, I remember, and I didn't know what to do, I felt that sorry. For the Colonel and Mrs. Not but we didn't all like the young man, too. What little we see of him after he went away to school.

"Well, I remember I walked up there because I didn't want nothing getting me there no sooner than it need. So I left my bike behind. And I think the minute he saw me he knew. He took me in the library; Mrs. Brown was in the drawing-room. It was after tea. And I just give him the telegram, and he undid it and read it and turned to the window. There was a sunset, I remember.

"I don't know what I expected him to do, but he stood to attention and saluted. Well, I felt that bad. I say something about how sorry I were, how sorry the whole place would be. And he say, 'Thank you, Sergeant, I know.' And then I let myself out, because I know he didn't want me around no more. He had the worst job, telling Mrs. Brown."

HARRY nod his head, and we all look sad-like. "Yes, shocking. And that was what make her ill, so they say."

"It was soon after that she had her first attack, I hear."

"Yes, that were. Poor old Colonel, he's had a lot to put up with, one way and another."

"Yet, he don't seem as if he has, if if you take my meaning," Harry say. "He always seem very cheerful and friendly. Or did, I should say. After she die, he go away, you remember, for about two months, to his daughter. And when he gets back, he comes in here, and I say, 'Very glad to see you back, sir.' And he say, 'It's grand to be home, Harry,' he say, 'and have a pint in the old Hound.' Tha's the kind of gentleman he were, of course, friendly."

"I wonder what it were took him?"

"That'd be some kind of heart trouble, no doubt. Or a stroke, perhaps. Here today, gone tomorrow, with that kind. He must be over seventy; well over, I should say."

"I don't know as how you'll agree, but I'd like to propose to send a wreath for the Colonel," Harry begin, embarrassed-like. "He were a good friend of ours, and I'd like to see some flowers from his old friends at the Hound. What do you say?"

"Ay. That's only right."

"Pass round the hat, shall we?"

And all the rest agree.

So Harry, he go into the hall and he hook one of his hats off the peg, and we pass it around, and there's quite a tidy bit in it, because we was all upset, thinking about the Colonel, and the last man is just putting his money in, when I see Harry's face freeze, a-looking at the door (which, as I tell you, Jim leave open).

"Cripes," I hear him mutter. And I turn around to look. And there were the Colonel, coming in the doorway.

WELL, we was so silent, you hear the cinders tinkle. My, that give us a rare old turn. We was all so quiet, the poor old Colonel must have thought sumthing was right queer about us that night.

Then all of a sudden we all come to, feeling how we must cover it up somehow, and we all begin to talk together, unnatural-like, and Harry, he close up his jaw, and smile and say, "Good evening, sir. Very glad to see you. The usual?"

Well, the Colonel, he strides straight over to the bar like he always do, nodding to us all—he's an upright man still, the Colonel, though he's getting on. And I see what was a-going to happen before it do.

"Well, well, Harry, and what's the hat for?" he say, very hearty. Poor old Harry, he go on drawing the Colonel's bitter, and he hum and he hah, and he don't say nothing. (By this time he were a-wanting to laugh, as I could see.)

"Come on, Harry, out with it," said the Colonel.

And young Jim and some of the others, they begin to titter, like.

And Harry push the Colonel his change, and he look wildly round the bar, as if he'd see what to say on our faces.

"What's it for, Harry?" the Colonel say. "You can't have no secrets from me. Come on, I'll double it if you'll tell me."

Well, Harry he say the first thing that come into his head with a kind of gasp:

"That's for pore old Miss Jobson, sir. She set her bed a-fire, and burnt her mattress. And being as how she's not one to be insured or suchlike, we was thinking perhaps——"

"Poor old soul," says the Colonel. "I hadn't heard. It's time she had the electric. You're a good sort, Harry. I'll bet this collection was your idea."

That were Harry's idea, and no mistake. Scowl! I see some on 'em. But I was nearer choking.

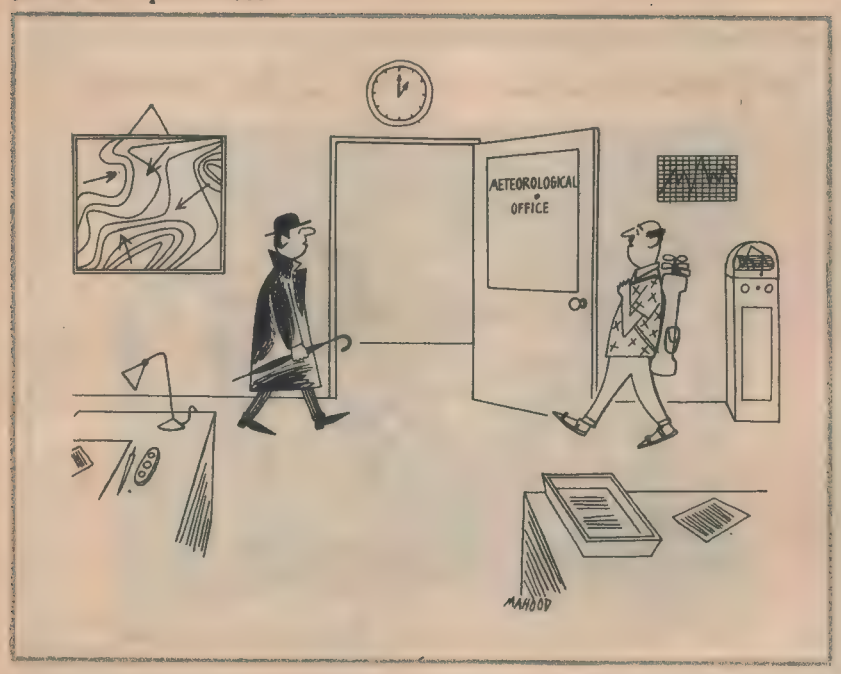
"Tip it out and count," say the Colonel.

So we have all that money out, and that was over a pound. And the good old Colonel, he do far more than double it, he buy the mattress next day. That's the kind of man he is.

As for Miss Jobson, she were never more surprised in her life than when she get that there mattress. She's a crusty old lady as a rule, she is. But I reckon that done her good. She've been better, since. THE END

Guess What?

THE ivory object described on page 32 is a pin cushion and thread holder of the type that was screwed on to a work table in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The cover has worn off the cushion, revealing its stuffing; silk thread was wound round the bobbin below, for in those days thread was not sold by the reel, ready wound.



MOUNTAIN OF LOST MEN

Continued from page 13

did not come from the height. It sprang from causeless, anxious fear.

At his feet a leather sandal lay half buried in the stones. As he bent down to pick it up, his eye caught and followed the long white shape of a bone, the great bone of a human thigh. Three steps forward and the slope changed again, and he walked slowly down into a hollow place where water gleamed black in a pool. Beside the verge, and under the water, bones and skulls shimmered grey.

He wheeled round, the heavy mist swirling in his open mouth. Devi Ram, again hugely distorted, stood over him with a skull in his hand and the steel hook, shining wet, raised high.

Devi Ram said: "Here is my father. See, he had a gold tooth, which was a wonderful thing for a poor man to have in his head. And these are the five brothers of Durashi who killed him. They killed him with an axe." The skull in Devi Ram's hand was split in a long crack beside the dirty, gentle fingers holding it. The steel hook ran along the gash, pointing, caressing. "Now!" Devi Ram put the skull down and advanced slowly on the bones spread out beside and under the tarn.

Harry rose to his feet. Devi Ram was overfull of hate, but who was he to upbraid him, to tell him that revenge had a bitter seed and a more bitter fruit? He had hoped for revenge himself on the man, for taking Helen away; on God, for being an evil and treacherous God.

DEVI RAM stopped at the brink of the tarn and said in a puzzled voice: "Why are none of the brothers hurt in the skull? My father was a big, strong man and he had an axe. He came upon them in the snow. He must have done them much hurt." He began to search frantically among the bones, throwing them this way and that.

Harry said: "Are you sure your father meant to hurt them?"

Devi Ram looked up. After a time, he said: "Meant to hurt them? Why—why—I don't know. He was my father—he had never hurt anyone."

He plucked a great white flower that grew in a fluffy ball like cotton wool on the head of a tall thistle stalk and was ice-dewed with the sparkle of frozen mist.

He said: "Lord sahib—lord holy sahib, you have seen the truth of it, though you never knew my father. My father took his axe to cut steps in the snow. He came to help them because anger and fear had blinded them, and on this mountain men need eyes. He meant to tell them to come back and go to their homes by the pass, because here the falling snow would trap them and they would die. But they saw him coming with an axe; and killed him to save their own lives. He stood here—here—and they hit him."

Devi Ram scattered the frozen woollen strands of the flower over the bones in the water and over the skulls in the stones. His voice became a chant, and loud and joyful. He plucked more flowers and scattered them far and wide.

THEN he turned to Harry and said: "Lord, may we leave this place now? Will you say a blessing over them who died here?"

They were standing now on the flat crest above the tarn. Momentarily the clouds stirred and the Rupkunda stream shone silver far below and the pair stood in a secret room among the misty rooftrees of the world.

"I am sorry you could not find the Man of Charity and his altar," Devi Ram said humbly. "It was because I was with you, and because I had this anger and could think only of the revenge I would take when I found these bones.

"I am my father's son, lord holy sahib. I think these men were very unhappy, and my father was not unhappy, when they killed him."

Harry searched the damp and troubled face beside him, trying to remember every line and curve, for after they went down from the mountain he would never see it again.

He said: "I have found the Man of Charity, Devi Ram, and the altar. I will say a prayer over the dead here. You understand that it will be a Christian prayer?"

"Who knows the name of God?" Devi Ram said, suddenly cheering up. "We had a good time on the mountain, you and I, didn't we? My father lived well, didn't he? And my mother died in honour. Make the prayer quickly, lord, and while you're doing that I'll gather up one bone from each body so that we can take them down to the village and burn them there, and scatter the ashes in the stream, so that at last they will reach the holy mother Ganges."

Harry unfastened the cross from around his neck and held it up. He was smiling, almost laughing, as he watched Devi Ram scuttling around, picking up bones. He began to speak—not reciting, not intoning, but speaking as a proud prisoner:

"'I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, With all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love; Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

"'There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; One Lord, one faith, one baptism, One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. . . .'"

And so lovingly to the end of the text, with the black tarn behind him and the mountain conquered. THE END

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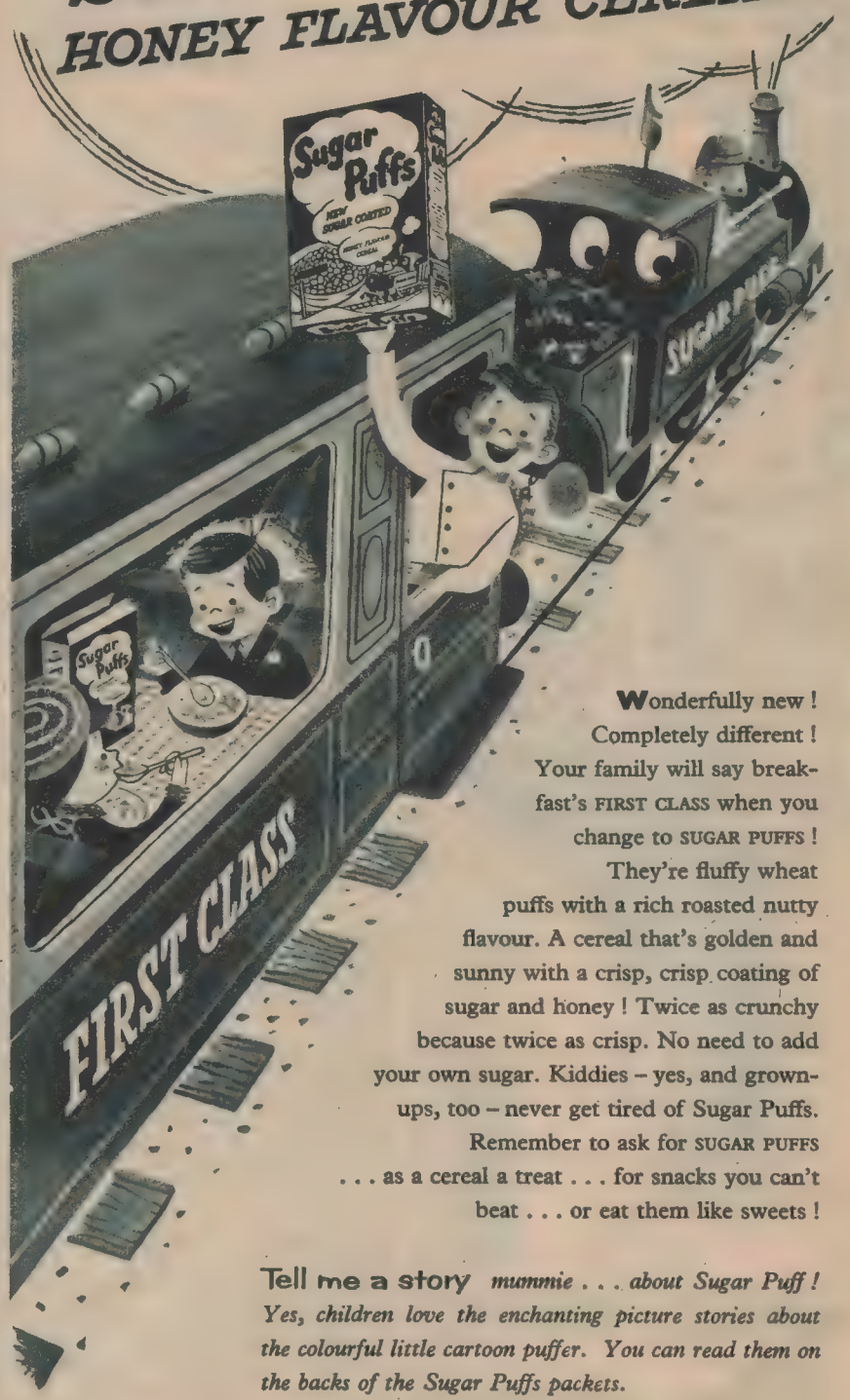

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THE LITTLE WALLS

Continued from page 19

without intending to: at once he was up and watching. It's very hard to sound as if you're asleep when under stress. Presently he began to move towards the bed.

I knew the shape of his hands and what they'd feel like. Trouble was, I had to keep my eyes shut.

I'm not sure, but I think he bent over the bed. In—out; now wait; not too hurried; in—out, don't let it catch. He began to move away again. As I opened my eyes he was going out through the open window.

I'd re-read Pangkal's letter just before going to sleep and shoved it under the pillow, otherwise he would have found it. And Grevil's notes—which might at least have told him I had access to information he knew nothing of—were under the bed.

As he went out, some light from outside caught his face. It seemed to me that the expression on it made it look thinner and more tense than I had ever seen it before.

* * *

I said: "I'm so sorry to disturb your breakfast, but I came to apologize about the portrait. I hope to get down to it when I come back."

"There's no hurry, dear boy," said Mme Weber, pulling down the sleeve of her Japanese kimono. "I don't suppose I shall change much before the end of the month: my hairdresser's away. Are you sure you want to go on with it?"

"Quite sure. I should be back tomorrow evening or Friday morning."

She salvaged a wriggling puppy who was about to take a plunge off the silk counterpane, and stared into his ear. "I had a maystiff once that had a canker. Most distressin'. Philip, are you and Leonie. . . ? Is there some possibility. . . ?"

"No. . . . At least, I'm afraid not."

"Be still, Bergdorf. I'll not hurt you. You must learn to trust Mother. A pity. Or *I* think it's a pity. She needs to marry again. It's time she did. This over-developed sense of loyalty."

"I'm not sure if it's quite the sort of loyalty you think."

"Down, dog. Keep your paws to yourself. She'd be happier if she was more fickle. I've told her so. And I think you're the man for her, Philip."

"Tell her that, will you?"

"Being an artist, you've finesse, could humour without spoilin'. And tenacity. Women who won't remarry—very difficult; especially when they're lookers. Deceivin'. Pity for a girl with *all* the guns not to use them."

I said: "She uses them."

"I remember when I met her first, after Tom Winter had died, I said sorry, sorry, sorry, how she must feel—trying to be comfortin'—you know. And she said: 'Oh, that's all right; you're tough when you're young.'"

Charlotte Weber dropped the wriggling puppy gently over the side of the bed. His paws made a plop on the floor. "As a generalization, nothing ever truer. But about herself, couldn't be wronger. Leonie's toughness wouldn't deceive a child. What's more, she's driftin'. Seems to me half the time she doesn't know her own mind, because what she's been thinking of and remembering—for some reason doesn't make good knowing."

"Or doesn't bear knowing."

"Quite so, dear boy."

As I stood up to go, she looked at me and smiled tolerantly. "And don't bother about the portrait in the least. I'll keep."

I KNEW that I shouldn't have much difficulty in persuading Martin to stay on the island until I got back. When I waved to him, as he leaned over the wall watching the steamer leave, I wondered what his own dark thoughts were and what they had been all through the process of this grim farce.

It wasn't until I'd been on the boat for about half an hour that I saw that the Master of Kyle was among the passengers. When I joined him, he unbent sufficiently to explain that his financial arrangements were with the Banca d'Italia, which did not have a branch on Capri, and I told him that I had to fly to Amsterdam on urgent business.

He said: "I notice Martin isna going with you."

"No, I shall be back soon. We were talking of you last night, sir. You were a close friend of his grandfather's?"

"His closest. Callard and I were friends and neighbours for five and twenty years. I doubt Martin has been telling you a long story of the fine times he had at Gaitweed when he was a lad. I have not seen the sight of him since Callard met his death. The present earl, his uncle, will have no truck with him."

"Why is that?"

Kyle hesitated, chewing something. "Ah, well, that's how he feels, and no doubt he's entitled to his opinion."

A tall yacht was sliding out of Sorrento harbour, its sails gilded with the sun. I said: "Is Martin the son of a younger son?"

"Very much so. His father was born on the wrong side of the blanket. Callard had an affair with some actress, and Fred Coxon was the result. Fred died young, but Callard took a fancy to Martin and made much of him—too much of him. He paid for his education. Then Martin would come up for his holidays and they would go shooting and climbing together. Wild as a young eagle, he was, and as handsome. He was ever at cross with the rest of the family because they thought he was too much the favourite. And so he was. So he was." Kyle turned up the collar of his jacket and moved his back to the wind.

I waited. But he had begun to chew again. "And that all changed when Lord Callard died?"

"Aye, that all changed."

"Had Martin no claims on the rest of the family?"

"How should he have? Callard had

It's The Custom . . . in PADSTOW

The 'Oss, surrounded by its retainers. It dances every May Day

The 'Obby 'Oss welcomes a Cornish summer

WHEN Charlie Bate's London-born wife, May, first saw the Padstow 'Obby 'Oss in 1950, she fled, screaming. "She begged me to tell the 'Oss not to go near her," says Charlie.

Every May Day when the 'Obby 'Oss goes through the streets of Padstow, several women, many children, and even a few men are terrified by it and run away. "There is no doubt about it, the 'Oss sends a chill up your spine," says Godfrey May, who was born in Padstow.

The 'Obby 'Oss (Hobby Horse) weighs about half a hundredweight. It is a hideous mock horse made of black canvas stretched over an oval frame and hanging down at the sides. The man carrying it puts his head through a hole in the canvas, and wears a mask with a tall, pointed witch's cap, a great open mouth, a large nose and a sheep's wool forelock. The 'Oss has a horsehair tail and a pair of jaws or "snappers," worked by a cord.

"The snappers can give you a nasty bite," says sixty-nine year old Walter Bate, who is always the first man to carry the 'Oss.

Padstow's May Day celebrations begin at midnight on April 30. A crowd of two or three hundred people goes round the town, calling on old Padstow families and singing the special "Night Song." Early next morning, greenery and flags are put up, and a maypole is erected in Broad Street.

At eleven o'clock, the 'Oss makes its first appearance from the Golden Lion. It is accompanied by nearly thirty retainers—all dressed as pirates. They include four drummers, five accordion players, and a number of "teasers," who dance in front of the 'Oss with clubs and pretend to whack it when it gets tired.

As the 'Oss passes through the streets, it dances a set dance and the "Day Song" is sung. The dance enacts a pattern of death and resurrection: the 'Oss capers along chasing people and then sinks down into the road to die. A blow from a teaser's club brings it to life again.

This ritual symbolizes the death of winter and the welcoming of summer and crops. It is patently pagan: the 'Obby 'Oss tradition may go back over two thousand years; it certainly dates from the long distant time before Christianity came to Cornwall.

Only members of the oldest families in Padstow are closely connected with the 'Oss: among them are the Bates, the McOwens and the Brentons. Each May Day they perform just as their ancestors have for centuries. Ernest Bate, who is Walter Bate's son and one of the men who carry the 'Oss, says: "The dance cannot be learned; it has to be born into you."

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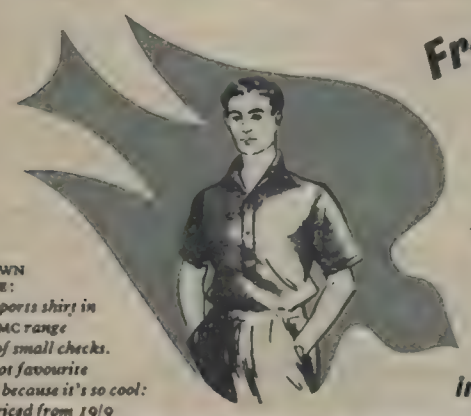

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a stroke. One day he was a hale and hearty man of sixty-odd, the next he was as helpless as a felled tree, snoring his life away."

Kyle stared angrily across the water at Vesuvius, as if he would like to lay the blame somewhere. "Nasty shock for Martin Coxon. He might have expected to be well taken care of, but Callard's will was fifteen years old. So Martin got a couple of thousand and went his way. He always had the true aristocrat's attitude to money, had Martin—that it existed only to buy him what he needed, and that it must always exist in a sufficient quantity for him to have the best. . . . It would be different when he had to start cutting his coat. . . ."

I said: "But all that makes me sympathize; I still don't see why you dislike him, sir."

"I didna say I disliked him," Kyle snapped. "That's putting words into my mouth." Before I could reply, he went on: "But I dislike him, for one thing, because of his damned charm. I may say I never had the least difficulty in resisting it myself, but I saw others go down before it like—like icicles in the sun. His grandfather for one, then there was his cousin, Mary Falconer, and his aunt, Lady Maud Falconer, and at least two girls, and. . . . Well, there were plenty."

"Did he ever marry?"

"Yes, in the thirties. But she divorced him. I've forgotten her name: it was in the papers because of some marriage settlement. I do not believe he has cared a finger's snap for any one of the people who have loved him; he has taken their friendship and sacrifice for granted. Oh, charm, yes, no doubt. But ye judge a tree by its fruit, and his has been bitter. He has taken what others have had to give him all his life, and very few there have been who have been the better off for knowing him—many have been worse off, let me tell you that, badly worse off. There has always been a *darkness* to him, a pessimism even in his youth; always he was a destroyer, a puller-down of good things."

I nodded but did not speak. Kyle stopped there and I didn't pursue the subject. In a very small way the old man had given me a glimpse of Martin Coxon's beginnings. I thought I might myself be able to fill in the end.

I HAD cabled Tholen, and when I got to Schiphol he had sent a car to meet me. I saw him about eight that evening, and I was surprised to find Van Renkum there as well.

Tholen said: "It is good for you to come. I have not wished to feel that anything has been left undone. Perhaps now we can clear your mind of this distress. Mr. Van Renkum is here for our Foreign Department, and I shall ask him to explain."

Van Renkum said: "Will you take water with it, Mr. Turner? Some English prefer that, I know, but I have forgotten. . . ."

"Thanks. Either way." I was not interested in the glass he was filling.

"Perhaps we should apologize about your last visit, Mr. Turner. Then we were not in a position—how shall I put it?—the net was still out. To draw it then would have been to lose some of the fish. But now it is different—the sweep is over."

"I'm glad to know it. Thank you."

He took a second glass to Tholen. "I think I must plunge in and tell you what is the worst from your point of view. We now have evidence to bear out what Hermina Maas told us."

I stared at him. "You mean about Grevil having jumped into the canal?"

"Yes, Mr. Turner. I know you did not believe that, but I am sorry to tell you that there is the truth."

After a moment, I said: "What sort of evidence?"

Van Renkum said: "We had always hoped that someone else might have seen what happened on the bridge that night. You remember we said we were still searching. But the difficulty was in tracing them. People who visit De Walletjes are not usually forthcoming. We offered a reward. In the end we found a man, one connected with the harbour board. He had been in the house opposite, had seen what the Maas woman had seen."

Van Renkum took a typewritten sheet from Tholen's desk.

"Briefly, what he says there is that he saw your brother talking to someone on the bridge. They separated, and your brother stood for a minute or two watching the other man out of sight. Then he stepped on the parapet and jumped into the canal. The witness is quite certain that there was no one else on the bridge at the time."

I got up and took out a cigarette. "Did you say you offered a reward?"

Tholen said: "I should like it that you would see this witness, Aahrens, tomorrow, to judge for yourself. He is a man of honest repute and incurs some risk to his home life by giving this testimony. He would not be tempted by a few guilders."

VAN RENKUM said: "There is much more to explain yet, Mr. Turner. If you will sit down. . . . We no longer think he took his own life because of a broken love affair. That was in fact never an explanation we altogether believed."

"Then *why* did he do it? Why?"

"We must ask your patience. Please sit down, and we will tell you the rest."

I sat down. I think I felt rather sick. "Well?"

"Before the war, the import of opium into the Dutch East Indies was a government monopoly and strictly controlled. During the war, the Japanese administration brought in a good deal and encouraged its use in Java as a matter of policy. A drug-taking population is a quiescent one, you understand.

"So it was that after the war the new Indonesian Government found itself in possession of a great amount of opium. The sale of this is controlled and restricted in a thoroughly responsible way; but in the confusion that occurred during the struggle with our government, a quantity of the opium was pilfered, and much today is still unaccounted for."

"In March of this year our agents in Java reported that a substantial amount was about to be smuggled into Holland, and a close watch was kept to intercept it. Later, we were informed that it was being flown into Amsterdam on a particular K.L.M. flight, so when the plane landed at Schiphol it was impounded and all its passengers and crew and their luggage searched—all, that is, except some cases of archaeological specimens which were the possession of Dr. Grevil Turner, whose reputation was above reproach."

"And right to be so," said Tholen.

"In any event, four of the five cases went direct to the Rijksmuseum, where they were at once examined. The fifth, remaining in the possession of Dr. Turner, presented a greater difficulty." Van Renkum frowned at his cuff and fingered the embossed silver cuff-link. "Before taking any further step we cabled again to Jakarta and again were assured that, according to information there, the opium had left. So Inspector Tholen and another plain-clothes officer called at Dr. Turner's hotel and explained the position to him and requested permission to open the fifth case. Dr. Turner refused."

I looked at Tholen. "He refused?"

"Yes. He was—angry at the suspicion. He says it is an insult that he shall be so accused. I explain that it is not to accuse him that we come, but to clear up our own minds. I tried to explain, you understand, to say that it is our duty to stop this traffic.

"He will not agree that this is the way to do it. Then I must insist. I have authority by Netherlands law to search his possessions. To this he submits with not good grace, and we open the case. In it there is a very large quantity of opium."

I took a drink now. There was no water in it. I didn't want water.

"When we discover the opium, Dr. Turner looks very ill, very angry. He states there is no knowledge in him

"Dammit, I live here . . . !"

as to the opium or of how it is come in the case. He declares he is angry, too, at the loss of some things which should have been there. He speaks of some mistake, but cannot explain at all how the mistake is made. I request a statement. This he says he will not give until he has seen the British Ambassador. I agree and phone Van Renkum, and also phone to have the opium removed. Then I make the grave mistake of leaving him."

Van Renkum had finished with his cuff-link. "If we had treated Dr. Turner like an ordinary criminal he would still be alive—but we felt we could not do that. With his distinguished record and his connections in the Netherlands. . . . It would be better to give him time to reflect. A confession might come, and, with it, information, invaluable information. Or he might make some move on his own which would be almost as useful.

"We posted a man to watch Dr. Turner's movements, and sent two men round to interview the companion who had accompanied Dr. Turner from Java. Unfortunately the man was not in his hotel. He never returned, and his travelling-bag was left unclaimed. Still more unfortunately, during the evening, Dr. Turner evaded the detective who had been left to watch him, and by the following morning it was too late."

"In other words," I said, "he put the seal on his guilt by killing himself."

Van Renkum looked pained. "If we had thought that, we should have had less excuse to withhold the facts from Dr. Turner's widow or indeed from you. We chose to withhold judgment."

Now the Bols was going down inside me, fiery and full of sham good cheer. I wished I hadn't drunk it, for there was no good cheer in this conversation for me.

Van Renkum said: "It would not have been to our credit to lay a very unpleasant crime at the door of this distinguished scientist unless we were convinced it must be so laid. In the end, the information that our man has brought back from Jakarta, and what we have found here since, suggests something rather different."

"It was Buckingham's doing?"

"Yes. We've discovered the source of his supply in Java and his contacts here. Last week we made a clean sweep of them here, including their head, whom we were most anxious to bring in, a man I believe you met, called Jodenbree. Although we shall probably——"

"Jodenbree," I said. "You've got him . . . ?"

"Yes. He's coming up for trial next month and we shall make sure of a conviction. It may be that Dr. Turner knew all about it and helped Buckingham—some points suggest it: his refusal to let us open the case, his visit to De Walletjes where Jodenbree lived. But, on the whole, we think it much more likely that he was duped until the very end."

I rubbed my cigarette out. I said: "Then why do you suppose that he —committed suicide?"

"Not because he was guilty but because he had no possible way of proving himself innocent. Faced with, what seemed to him, an intolerable situation, notoriety, imprisonment, disgrace, he chose what seemed to him then the only escape."

THERE was a long silence. I pushed my chair back, but didn't get up. A tram clattered noisily past. I said: "Although by taking his own life he very much increased the possibility of being thought guilty, although he did that, you're still prepared to give him the benefit of the doubt and consider him innocent?"

"Yes, now we know what we do know."

"Then I wonder why he didn't reason that way at the time?"

Van Renkum said: "It's easy to be wise after the event. It's easy to say: 'I wouldn't have taken that course.' But with the thing full upon you. . . . He may well not have realized how much we should be able to discover. And also, if I may say so, it is not a verdict of not guilty that could have been brought in; but not proven. In such a case, the mud will always stick, no matter what you say in your own defence, no matter, even, what is proved afterwards."

Tholen removed his cigar. He had been watching me, like a doctor with a troublesome patient.

"I know how it is over this," he said. "I know how you are disappointed. But it has been my duty to tell you."

"Did Grevil ever phone the British Ambassador?"

"No."

"And Buckingham? Have you been able to include him in this net?"

"No," said Van Renkum. "It's the one gap. We've given what information we can to the British police in case they can trace him."

Tholen said: "And you, Mr. Turner? Have you made some progress in your own?"

I met his eyes. They were sharp just then. I said: "On the evidence you now have—if you should find him in another country—would you be able to proceed with an extradition order?"

"Yes. If we were able to establish identity. But I think it is perhaps very difficult indeed to establish that."

I found there was no service for Naples the next day. The best offered was a 3.15 p.m. plane for Rome, so

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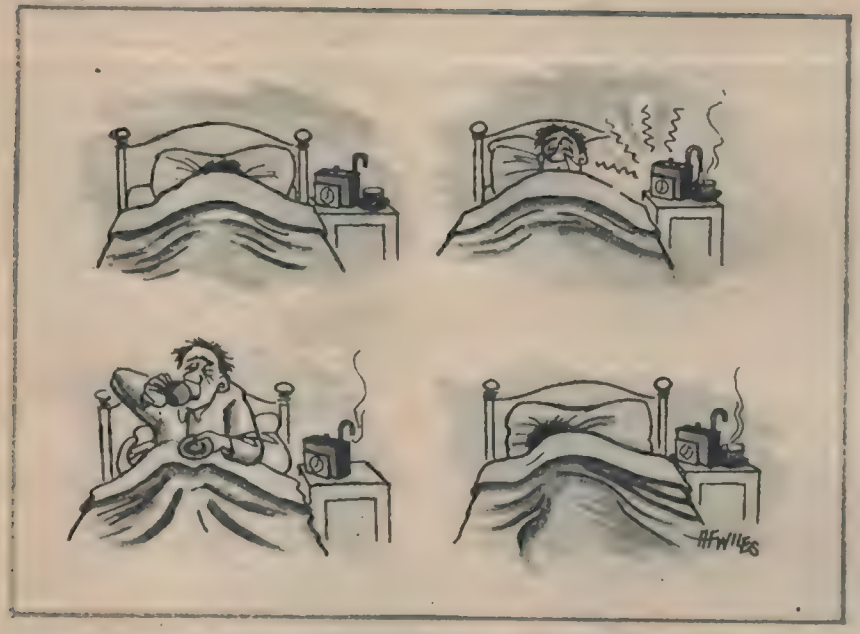

I decided to take that. That way, I could see Aahrens, the police witness, in the morning. Anyway, I had suddenly lost the will to hurry back to Italy.

That one night in Amsterdam, I sat up late, drinking coffee at one of the street-side cafés. Watching the homely, agreeably respectable faces pressing by, it came to me to wonder if this busy, attractive but slightly provincial city was the same one in which a district known as the Little Walls existed. It seemed improbable. It seemed improbable that many of these people would know of its existence. It seemed improbable that Grevil should have done.

Two or three times I tried to face up to what it all meant to me, but it was too soon. I seemed altogether to have lost my sense of judgment. When the cafés began to shut down, some time after midnight, I got up and began to walk, and must have wandered round the city for two hours or more.

WHEN I finally turned in at the hotel my legs were tired and my mouth was dry and bitter from too many cigarettes. I lay down on the bed and waited for the morning.

About six, I was up again and looking for a bathroom, and when I had washed and shaved, I lit up again and finished off the last of Grevil's notes. As I might have expected, they ended on a reference to Buckingham:

"Came back from two-day shoot better for the mountain air. Glad J.B. persuaded me to go. He bagged a rhino as he said he would—mildly perilous at the end, for the brute came at us. Bivouacked for night above forest; the quietness at sundown most noticeable after the customary chorus of insects; even the *wou-wou* silent for long periods. Returning, found and caught fine specimen of the *Chalcosoma atlas* beetle. J.B. full of his usual odd quirks of knowledge. Pressed me to spend few extra days making expedition Boror Budur—should much have liked to, but feel have been here long enough. If I come back next year I shall invite Jack to come with me.

"He is returning home with me and have promised to get him job with expedition to Euphrates in autumn under Massey. This beneath his obvious talents but a beginning, and certainly better than the things he would normally drift into. Shall miss him when we separate. There's an acid refreshment in his company, a challenge, a stimulus. Consider him the perfect companion for such undertakings as this. The attraction of opposites, no doubt, and rather an obsession."

That was the end. That was all. But perhaps it meant a lot, these several long entries about Martin Coxon in a book intended solely for notes on the excavations. Grevil, the single-minded, whose concentration on his work was a stock joke among his friends. "Rather an obsession."

I saw Aahrens at eleven. It didn't help except that it made the testimony more real for me and more conclusive. On the way to the Leidseplein I bought some magazines to read on the flight; but I might as well have saved the money, because in the air it was just the same as on the ground. I kept saying to myself: *Martin Coxon didn't kill Grevil, no one did, he killed himself. He killed himself.* I had to keep on telling myself that, so that presently, perhaps, I should know it to be true. Everything else beside that was unimportant.

I slept better in Rome. It was probably because I was fagged out and just for the time there seemed nothing more to think about, nothing that was worth thinking about, nothing that wasn't shoddy and rotten and futile and worthless, nothing that did not feed a black and bitter rage.

Next day I took the train for Naples and caught the afternoon boat. There wasn't anyone I knew on the boat this time, and I was glad. I didn't want to talk to anybody. When I saw the craggy outline of the island coming closer, I felt I didn't even want to return. Perhaps in a way I was coming back to something in myself that I hadn't yet faced up to. It would be dangerous to meet Martin in this mood.

Martin was out. They said he'd been away all day. I sat on the balcony and drank some wine and tried to read the magazines. But I could not concentrate, and in the end I decided to go to the Villa Atrani.

The sun had set before I got there and a few stars, keeping their distance, were showing in the remote sky.

Only Charlotte Weber and Charles Sanbergh were in, and I felt I'd interrupted a private half hour. Mme Weber said: "Dear boy, you've kept your promise. Refreshin'. People say: 'Darling, I'll be *back*,' and the next time you see them it's the following decade. . . . How was England?"

"Amsterdam. All right. Have you seen Martin Coxon?"

"Not since this morning," said Sanbergh.

MME WEBER screwed another cigarette into her long cigarette holder. After she had lit it, she waved the match in zigzag lines until it reluctantly went out. She said: "Leonie's gone away."

"Away? Where?"

"To Rome. She heard some friends were there and took it into her head to rush off yesterday afternoon. Gimbel, don't make those disgusting chewing noises. Charles, do something about Gimbel."

Sanbergh stirred the dog with his foot. "Your friend Coxon was up here yesterday evening. We had dinner together on my yacht. An interesting character, your friend Coxon."

"Yes?" I said.

"I think he went fishing today. I saw him at the quay this morning, hiring a boat. Excuse me, I must telephone." He got up and went out of the room.

Mme Weber said: "Draw up your

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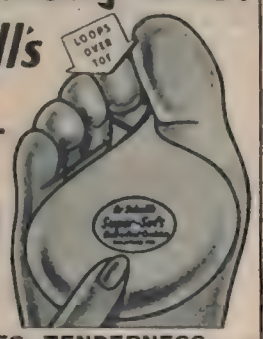

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chair and talk to me. I'm a poor substitute, but Leonie will be back."

"What makes you think so?"

"A feeling I have. Psychic. Philip, what is the mystery going on around you? Provokin' not to know."

"Did she say she'd be back?"

"Yes, she said I was to say to you that she had to go and that she thought you'd understand."

"She thought I'd understand?"

"Don't you? Very difficult. One can hardly make love by remote control. Sorry."

"It isn't your fault."

"I don't know, Philip. I wish I could help you."

"I know. Thank you."

"Tell me about the great world outside. Not that I don't shudder to know. Your Martin Coxon is quite a spark, isn't he? Those sombre, dark eyes. Engulfin'."

"Did she leave an address?"

"Should think he's been quite a Pied Piper for the women. No, she didn't, Philip; she said she'd write. Is that Jane and Nicolo back already?"

It turned out not to be Jane and Nicolo, but Mademoiselle Henriot, so I refused an invitation to stay to dinner and left. This was something else I had to think out now. I felt I needed a new brain to deal with Leonie's going (was it flight?)—a new detachment to set it in its perspective. The trouble was that all the uncertain feelings of a man properly in love for the first time in his life kept trying to crash in at this point. It shouldn't have made any difference to the older and more recognizable loyalties—and didn't in sum—but it set them out of focus, made me less certain of my judgment, when I needed now to be objective and cool.

In the hall, Sanbergh was talking into the telephone, but as I went past he hung up and said: "You are going early. Have you had a drink?"

"Thanks, no. I expect Coxon will be waiting for me by now."

His long-lashed, rather smoky eyes slid over me in that expert way they had. "It is a pity Leonie has gone."

"Yes." I didn't want to discuss it with him.

"She didn't hint at it before you left?"

I stopped at the door. "I don't think I quite understand you, Sanbergh. Three or four days ago you made it rather plain that you didn't want me around. Now . . . the hate campaign seems to have been called off. I'm not quick enough on the change."

He shut the little cubby-hole where the telephone was kept and came over to the door. "I'm glad you mentioned it: I had intended to. On Tuesday, Leonie told me a little about why you had come here. I don't understand the whole of it, but I understand enough to acknowledge my misjudgment. I am Charlotte Weber's oldest friend. I thought you were trying to batten on her. There are many who come to Capri, and because she is rich and easy. . . . There's one such in her house now—to my shame, an Italian like myself."

"Da Cossa?"

He nodded, and walked with me thoughtfully to the gate.

He said: "You are—interested in Leonie Winter?"

I didn't somehow mind the direct question now. "Yes."

He opened the gate. "She hasn't gone to Rome."

It was my turn to stare. "Where is she then?"

"At a place called Poltano. It's a village up in the hills above Amalfi."

"Why has she gone there?"

"I thought perhaps you might know about it. I wasn't sure."

"Did she tell you?"

"No. She left on the afternoon boat yesterday, and by chance the captain of the boat mentioned to me that she had got off at Sorrento. You do not get off at Sorrento for Rome. After that it was easy. You see I know almost everyone."

It occurred to me that if Sanbergh was likely to be an uncomfortable enemy, he might also be a very useful friend.

"Does Mme Weber know?"

"She must. Leonie is staying in one of her villas."

"One of her villas?"

"She owns property up in Poltano. You may remember we went there on business connected with it the day you came with us to Amalfi. There are a number of small houses and flats."

I didn't speak.

He said after a minute: "I don't think you should feel that this is anything Mme Weber has done against you. I can only imagine that Leonie found some need to leave the island for a few days and asked Charlotte to help her. She must have sworn Charlotte to secrecy if Charlotte has kept it even from me."

I said: "Do you know the name of the place where she's staying? How would I find it?"

I think he smiled in the dark. "It is number fifteen Piazza San Stefano. It is easy, for there is nothing at Poltano except the Piazza and the Cathedral. If you find Poltano there's nothing more to find."

Coxon still wasn't back so I had dinner and then sat and waited for him. I tried to read but it still wasn't any good. All I'd learned in these last few days fairly milled in my head. I kept trying to think why Leonie had gone and what I should do about it. It fitted into a pattern but not a pattern I liked. Then I got undressed and lay in bed and smoked and drank soave and listened for footsteps in the next room.

AFTER about half an hour I heard him come in. I lay watching the smoke from my cigarette for a couple of minutes, and then he came through the doorway.

"You've been out late," I said. "Had a good day?"

"Fairish. I didn't really expect you till tomorrow. What's the news, good or bad?"

I stared into his eyes. It was a good effort on his part, and I could tell the interest was phoney only because of what I knew and because it was overdone. "I don't know which you'd call it."

Perhaps something in my own voice wasn't as easy as usual. He went to the window and began to light a cigar. "If you told me I might be able to decide for myself."

"They've found somebody else who saw Grevil jump into the canal. It's genuine enough: I met the witness. That was the chief item. Then there was some story about dope smuggling." I went on to tell him the details. I thought, the longer I can speak the truth to him the longer I'll be able to keep up the pretence.

He said when I'd finished: "So—he did do it after all. . . ."

"Yes. Our hunch was wrong."

He threw his match away, stood with his hands in his pockets for a minute or so. His shoulders were

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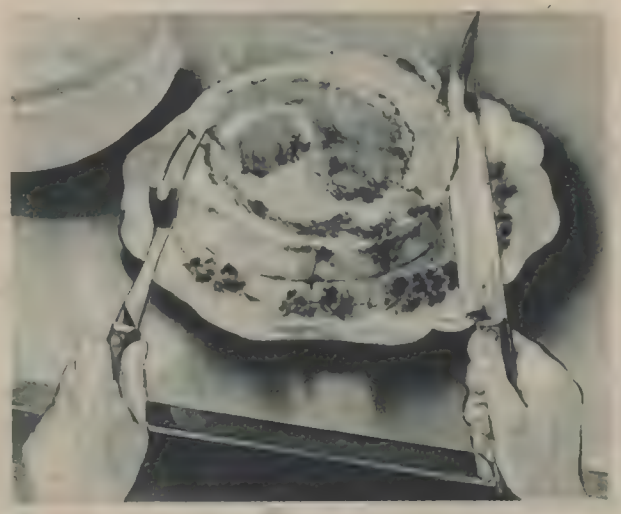

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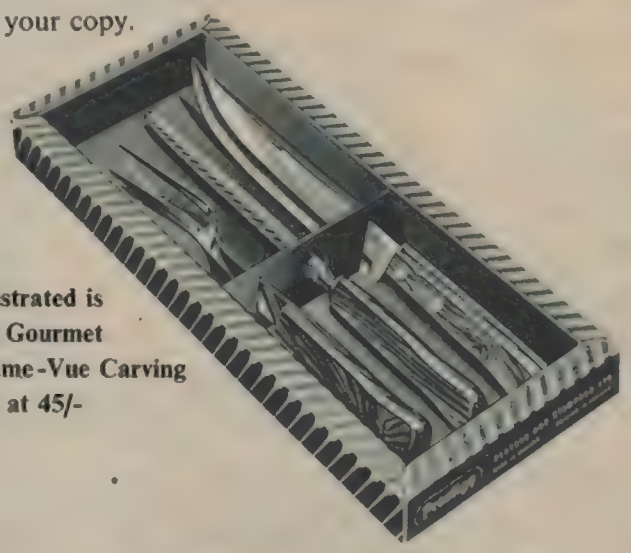

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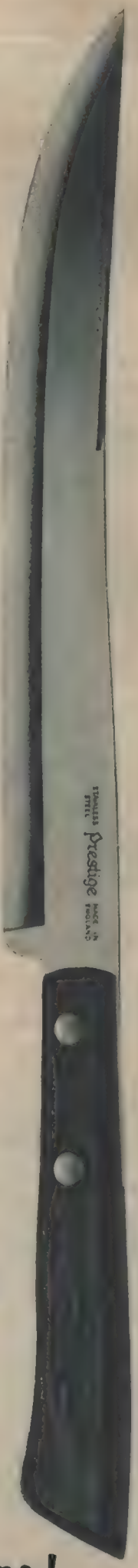

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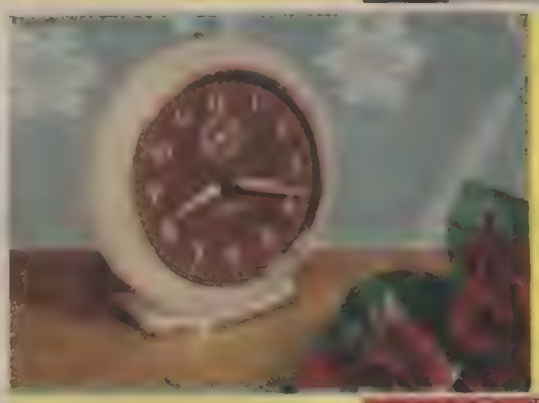

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broad in the doorway. I watched him and waited.

He said: "What do you feel about it?"

"Blind angry."

"Who with?"

"Chiefly myself. I've been clinging to something as to an absolute article of faith. Well, that's gone up the chimney. It seems to me that if Grevil wasn't murdered, there isn't much worth having left to discover."

"So what are you going to do?"

"Drop the whole thing. It's *finished*, Martin. Done with. Over."

He turned. "Some feelings go sour on you, go rotten if you plug them too long."

"Help me finish this bottle."

He shook his head tautly. "Are you going to give up the search for Buckingham?"

"What chance is there of finding him? Next to none."

"You've been up to the villa?"

"Yes. They say Leonie has left for Rome."

"She went yesterday. I didn't know about it until she had gone. I couldn't have stopped her but I might have followed her." He looked at the end of his cigar, his mouth pulled down, apparently bitter. "I doubt if we shall see her again."

"You think she's gone to join Buckingham?"

". . . Yes."

I drank some more wine. He stood irresolutely in the middle of the room.

"I'm *sorry* about Grevil," he said abruptly. "Damned sorry. You know that. Because I know how much it meant to you."

Again it seemed to me he was overplaying his hand. The pretended sympathy was poison in my mouth.

I said: "What have you been doing today? Did you catch any decent fish?"

"I gave most of the catch to the boatman and saved just a few of the best for the signora downstairs. We shall get it for breakfast, don't worry."

"Have you been out all day?"

"Since about eleven. There seemed nothing else to do, since I was wasting your money and time. About Grevil——"

"I was thinking of taking a boat tomorrow. What did you do for food all that time?"

He hesitated a second. "Oh, we landed at Amalfi. I had a meal there and then walked about a bit. It's a pleasant enough place. Have you been?"

"Yes," I said, my skin prickling. Because at that moment looking at him and seeing something in his face, I knew with absolute certainty that he had spent the day with Leonie. I knew it just as if he had told me, and I knew that Leonie had gone back to him.

To be continued next week

PETER GLAZE, THE CRAZY GANG'S ODD MAN OUT

Continued from page 15

school, learned her twelve-page part in two days.

"I will never forget my first entrance," he says. "I burst through some french windows into a boudoir, where the villain was courting my 'mother.' Then I knelt and pleaded: 'Never kick a woman when she's down!' It got terrific applause."

On leaving school, Glaze worked in his father's theatre as a stagehand, box office cashier, spotlight operator and electrician. At matinées, he played the drums in the orchestra pit. When he was eighteen, he joined a touring revue as a stage manager and, while in Leeds, heard that a large theatre there wanted a property master. Anxious to get a better-paid job, he applied.

"Unfortunately, I was writing to my boss by the same post—and put the letters in the wrong envelopes." He failed to get the new job, and was sacked from the one which he held.

Turning actor, he went into pantomime, and doubled the parts of a Chinese policeman and the Slave of the Lamp in *Aladdin*. At nineteen, he appeared in *Casey's Court*, taking the part played by Chaplin thirty-two years before. When the last war broke out, he was playing light comedy in a beach concert party at Prestatyn and had developed a strong distaste for "bottling"—taking round the collection box and coaxing money from holidaymakers.

Longs To Be A Star

Poor eyesight made him fail his army medical, but his bustling personality fitted him for the job of a chaser in an aircraft factory. After the war, he was a comedian at the Windmill Theatre for three years, and then understudied his first West End star, Arthur Riscoe.

"I longed for a chance to play his part," says Glaze. "Every evening I questioned him closely about his health. It was hard for me to be really sympathetic when he fell downstairs, broke two ribs and was in hospital for three weeks."

Glaze, who has also understudied Arthur Askey in *The Kid From Stratford*, burns with ambition to become a star in his own right.

"He is handicapped," says Flanagan, "by a love of overacting, and the fact that his glasses set a limit on slapstick. I have tried to stop him wearing them."

Glaze was about to make an entrance from the back of the pit, dressed as a sailor and holding a "mermaid" in his arms, when Flanagan snatched the glasses from his face.

"I got to the stage by following the others," says Glaze, "but had to claw blindly at the curtains to reach the wings. The audience thought I was clowning."

He reckons that in five years' rough and tumble with the Gang he has learned more of the finer points of comedy than he would in a lifetime in shows elsewhere. But although he works among the Gang every weekday, and is, to all intents and purposes, one of their number, he does not dare to take liberties with their scripts, and remains essentially an outsider.

Quick-change Hoax

Because of this delicate relationship, he was hurt and angry when he went into their quick-change room at the side of the stage—a facility which he had shared for months previously—and found a memo, typewritten on Jack Hylton's notepaper. It stated that he was overstepping his rights, and could no longer share the room.

"After weeks of nearly killing myself, dashing up fifty steps to my own dressing-room for every quick-change, the Gang admitted that it was a gag. They had typed the memo themselves."

Glaze and his wife, April, who is the casting manager of a well-known theatrical agency, live in an ultra-modern council house on the bank of the Thames. The £7-a-week rent includes limitless hot water, which comes from Battersea power station on the opposite side of the river.

At weekends he likes to motor in an open tourer, which he also drives, with typical zest, to the theatre.

The Gang soon picked on it for special treatment.

One night after the show, he found that they had whitewashed: FOR SALE —£30, on the windscreen. Later, Naughton and Gold padlocked the front bumper to a drain cover. On a third occasion when he climbed inside and pulled the starter, there was a loud wailing, followed by a shattering report and a cloud of black smoke.

"We had fixed an anti-car thief firework, an American device, to the sparking plugs," says Knox.

Recently, Glaze grew suspicious when the Gang were strangely interested in the car and asked how it was faring. They said that they had gone to his usual parking spot, just outside the stage door, and hung a notice on the radiator: DANGER—NO BRAKES.

"I had pleasure in telling them," says Glaze, "that I parked in a different place that day. The car must have belonged to someone in the audience."

THE END

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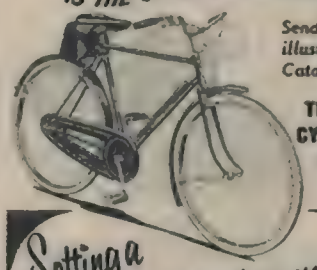

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DRIVE UP TO THE BEDROOM DOOR

Continued from page 25

most people, chalets mean a holiday camp or beach huts. He had his chalets designed by Louis Erdi, the architect, and the planners were reassured.

Lyon was not allowed to put up an advertisement along the road, and has been asked to remove a signboard reading "Motel."

To run a motel is hard work—a twenty-four hour day in the season—but there are some advantages over running a formal hotel. If visitors stay only one night, two maids can clean twenty-five chalets in a morning. Accounts and book-keeping are simplified by the pay-in-advance system.

Royal Oak was opened in June, 1953, and already has been packed in the season. Sixty per cent of its visitors have not booked—they have seen the place and pulled in.

As a village pub, the Royal Oak has not lost its custom. The white-uniformed barman, the foreign guests, the highballs and liqueurs served almost as fast as beer, have not driven away local regulars.

Lyon admits that he made mistakes when he built his first motel. He assumed there would be only a summer season, and his original heating system could not cope with an English winter. He did not realize how much luggage overseas visitors pile on to the roofs of their cars; in future, he will build garages bigger.

Lyon is so sure that motels will become part of the British landscape that this year he will open four new ones—at Ower in Hampshire; in the New Forest; near Exeter; and at Ferryfield, the new Kent airfield for the car-ferry to Europe. At Exeter he is converting a country house at a cost of about £40,000.

Within five years, Lyon intends to have a chain of motels a hundred miles apart through the West Country, the Cotswolds, North Wales and the Lakes, to Glasgow.

Graham Lyon has been a pioneer in tourist travel since the first World War. As a motor-coach operator, he took some of the first coach parties on European tours. He started a scheme of travellers' cheques for motorists, and led the first British car club rallies to America. He still travels restlessly, covering up to five hundred miles in a day's run, but he does it now in the comfort of the latest Rolls-Royce with automatic gear-change.

Better Than America

A few English tourists criticize the Royal Oak for being too impersonal, while some want less comfort at less cost. The pay-in-advance system, copied from America for the convenience of tourists who need to leave early in the morning, did not go down at first with the British. One man was convinced the management mistrusted him, and refused to stay.

Americans say that the Royal Oak is above the average of American motels. But they have not mastered the automatic bedside tea-makers. Most put the tea into the kettle instead of the pot. THE END

KINGDOM OF THE ELEPHANT

Continued from page 23

whether we should reach the far bank uncooked. It was a curious sensation, being soaked by the rain from the knees upwards and slowly boiled from the knees downwards.

Having crossed the swamp, we then had to struggle through a treacherous strip of palm forest, at length reaching some open grassland on the verge of more forest. Almost at once I saw the elephant, and at the same moment a tricky breeze gave him our scent.

With no provocation whatever, though he had no doubt been hunted by the semi-pygmy inhabitants, he came straight for me. A lucky shot brought him down almost at my feet.

As the porters came out of their cover, they pointed ahead, and there were the buffaloes just emerging from their mud bath about fifty yards away.

With the left barrel of my .475, I succeeded in dropping one before they decamped.

The leopard has been described as the most deadly fighting machine in the world, and I certainly do not exclude him from the ranks of dangerous animals. But too little is known about it for a reasonably accurate assessment.

Gunman Of The Jungle

Martin Johnson, in *Camera Trails in Africa*, describes the leopard most dramatically—too dramatically. "The leopard is a killer," he writes. "He is the gunman of the jungle. Also, he is full of mystery; he makes little or no noise in his activities and he charges unexpectedly—a sinister shadow bringing death with his final leap."

Certainly, the leopard is a killer—of domestic animals and poultry. When poaching in a poultry yard, for instance, he will not kill only one bird for food, but will kill every bird in the run. Certainly, too, he is stealthy and daring. I have known one come into a bedroom occupied by two brothers, light sleepers and first-rate hunters, and take a dog from between their beds without waking either of them.

While not normally aggressive towards humans, the leopard is a fiend when wounded and cornered. Unless handicapped by a trap or other impediment that restricts its movement, it will attack not only the enemy closest to it, but every enemy in sight. In such circumstances its ferocity is unrivalled.

The leopard is a most difficult animal to shoot because of its cunning and wonderful agility. A man I know was strolling one day armed with a small .22 rifle; he came upon a leopard asleep on the track. It was facing away from him, and a shot in the back of its skull at a few yards would no doubt have found the brain. But he thought better of it, and by a movement made his presence known. A flash of spotted yellow, and the track was clear.

Leopard Broke Trap

Another friend of mine used to take a keen interest in going out at night among native villages which leopards frequented for their livestock and poultry: he attached an acetylene lamp to his hat. More often than not he saw hyenas and jackals, but he got a good quota of leopards. That form of sport has never been a hobby of mine.

I have vivid recollections of an encounter one morning with a leopard that had killed several dogs in our station. I had set a lion trap for him, and got him while he was in quest of my own dog at dawn. The spoor directed us to a nearby river, where he was evidently lying up in some scrub on the near bank.

My companion, Horatio Nelson, whose dog had already been taken, was only too willing to accompany me in my search, and he was an exceptionally good shot. Within half an hour we had located the brute. He was lying in some thick bush on the edge of a fairly steep bank of the river. He could not attempt to cross with the weight of the trap on his leg, so I knew that he would come back on us if cornered.

Horatio and I always believed in approaching danger fairly well separated from each other, as by that means a broadside shot was possible for one of us. It was as well that we did separate.

The leopard broke cover like a flash of lightning and made for Horatio. He got a fine shot in its chest, and I got one in its flank, and the beast dropped dead, almost on him.

The hippopotamus cannot by any stretch of the imagination be put in the category of dangerous game. Hippos generally are placid creatures and quite unaggressive to man, although they are constantly having rows among themselves. However, they can turn decidedly nasty when wounded, and also on dry land when

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WHEN THE LOVELY WHITE NIGHTIE came from Aunt Barbara for my little girl, she was far too ill to care how pretty it was.

But now the roses were coming back to her cheeks. So, in readiness for her Aunt's visit next day, I let my pet try it on.

And then—oh dear!—all down the front she upset her hot blackcurrant drink.

How could I scold her—a child who'd been so ill? *I couldn't!* I said nothing—except to my friend next door.

"And there's nothing that I know of," I added, "that will wash out such a heavy stain." She raised her eyebrows, "But surely you read the papers?" she asked. . . .

PERHAPS THE BLAME WAS MINE

Maybe it was my fault, but with all the worry of a sick child on my hands I hadn't noticed about Surf boiling spotless. Anyway, I went to work with a packet my neighbour lent me.

I took the nightdress, gave it a good soaking in Surf and cold water—left it to soak for about an hour. Then I put it into fresh Surf suds which I brought to the boil—and kept boiling for ten minutes. It came out spotless! Not just white—spotless!

Next day she made the sweetest picture. Of course, her Aunt was pleased to see her wearing the nightie. So I just couldn't resist telling her about the accident—and about Surf. "Of course Surf is wonderful," she smiled. "I should know. I use Surf for washing *everything!*"

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they feel themselves intercepted on their return to the water.

Normally, hippos leave the lake or river soon after dark and return before dawn, but they often wander for several miles during the night and are frequently late in returning. They also have a habit of wallowing in mud pools fairly close to their water retreat.

A hippo intercepted as he rushes for refuge is an ugly antagonist, and it is a wise precaution never to use their paths when they are likely to be out of the water. This I know only too well, as I once came near to receiving a bullet intended for a hippo.

My friend and I had gone ashore to hunt elephants, and decided to separate. I came back before he did, having seen the elephants and been unimpressed by the tusks. I was sitting under a tree, enjoying the breeze off the channel while I waited for his return, when a rifle was fired close to me and the bullet passed near my head. At the same moment, a large animal came thundering along and sprawled into a bush a few feet behind me. It was a hippo. As it saw me, it got up and made off, to my great relief.

I then went down to the small beach and found my friend near the launch. He told me that as he was returning he came upon a hippo heading for the water. It stood defiantly in front of him, champing its jaws as they do when angry, and so he fired.

Another time on Lake George, as we returned from a long day's outing, our guide lost his bearings and we had difficulty in finding our way to the landing beach. In the dark we went unwittingly right through a school of hippo, and either bumped one or were charged. At all events, while my friend and I sat armed and ready, the canoe suddenly went up in the air.

Fortunately, it came down again the right way up, but it was a most unpleasant experience in the dark. Although the school gave us a few moments' anxiety after this, eventually we arrived safely on the beach.

Snort Gave Warning

Once, on Lake Edward, I had three encounters with a hippo within an hour or so. I canoed out to an island to photograph anything that I could find, and while we were very close to the steep and rocky shore, paddling very quietly, there was a snort and a commotion between us and the bank.

A hippo suddenly rose out of the water and tried to get up the bank. It was obvious that he would not be able to do so, and in his agitation I thought that he would fall on to our canoe. But he didn't. In some miraculous way he managed to slide back into the water, stern first, and swim away under the canoe.

Half an hour later, while having breakfast ashore, I noticed the same hippo with his head out of the water, closely examining our canoe. The prow of the canoe was beached and the stern was sticking out into the water, and he was only a few yards from it.

This seemed a wonderful chance for a close-up, so while he was submerged I made my way cautiously to the end of the canoe. In his first reappearance he did not seem to take much notice of me, but on his second, he put his head well out of the water. I therefore waited with my camera ready.

Reared From Water

His next appearance was not at all what I expected. With a mighty grunt and a most alarming suddenness, he reared right out of the water with his mouth wide open, looking as if he would swallow the canoe as well as myself. Trusting to my usual luck, I stood still and photographed him when he was fully exposed.

A few minutes later, as he was still in the offing, I decided to try for another photograph. As he was rather too much in the shade of the island, I endeavoured to get him into a better light by going out some way from the shore in my canoe, making the paddlers in another canoe go round behind him and try to move him towards me.

Unhappily, they went too close to him, and the next thing I saw was his massive form splashing towards their canoe. He made two huge dives towards it and then landed on top of it, close to the stern. The four paddlers disembarked rapidly on the far side and swam for the shore, and amid the flying timbers of the canoe I saw the hippo dive out of sight.

Hippo sometimes indulge in vicious fights among themselves, probably from jealousy or for the mastery of a school.

Their battles are on the catch-as-catch-can principle, the object being to get a hold on the opponent's jaws while closed, and then drowning it.

The contestants come at each other with great force, with their cavernous mouths wide open, sparring to catch the other at a disadvantage.

At Katunguru I once saw a fight to a finish that lasted for three hours. For one unforgettable minute, I thought that I should be involved in the fight myself. While canoeing along the channel in a rather overloaded craft, we bumped one of the hippos. The next moment, the huge beast was frantically swimming alongside, actually touching the side of the canoe. There was twelve inches of freeboard between me and the creature's back. I gave it several thumps with my fist, to no effect. Then, to my horror, one of my men in the stern of the canoe was foolhardy enough to plunge a spear into the hippo's posterior.

I thought that we were for it then, and got my rifle ready, although it was an impossible angle for me, as the target was at my right elbow. However instead of attacking, the enraged and terrified animal dived under the canoe and, by scraping on the keel, dislodged the spear. When a few yards off, it stopped and gave us an evil look—but this time I felt more secure, as the target was an easy one.

On another occasion, Hamisi and I were searching for a bull elephant on the eastern foothills of Ruwenzori and came upon a very large hippo having a mud bath in a pool. I decided that we should track round on opposite sides of the pool for elephant spoor, and meet on the far side.

While we did this, the hippo got wind of one of us, and surfaced with a wheezy grunt. Meeting as arranged, and having seen no elephant spoor, we left the hippo to enjoy his bath.

A minute or two later I heard a thump, thump, thump behind us. The hippo was following. We left the track at once and hurried a bit, as I didn't want to shoot. The hippo then drew level, and I shooed it away. It looked vexed, and that was all. Then it worked round in front of us and stood and glared from about fifty yards away. I shooed again. This time it looked vicious.

The next moment, to my astonishment, it was bearing down on us like an express train.

I dodged behind a bush, and the hippo went once round, almost on the muzzle of my rifle, and then I backed into the bush and it gave up. It then careered across the country, and I realized that it was after Hamisi. He was carrying my overcoat and some food for the day on his head, and the next thing I saw was my coat flying in the air and Hamisi dropping the tin of food at his feet.

Going at full speed, the hippo put his foot on the tin and was open-mouthed only a few yards from Hamisi. I put a quick shot into his neck, and he at once plunged headlong into the bush, dead, just where Hamisi had been taking cover. When I examined him, I found an old spear wound in his flank, which probably accounted for his viciousness.

Hamisi was overcome with relief and gratitude, and salaamed at my feet for saving his life.

"That's all right," I said. "You saved mine from an elephant twenty years ago, so now we're all square."

Films Were Trophies

In March, 1938, I went on a highly successful safari during which only two shots were fired. My companion—who fired neither, for he was unarmed—secured a magnificent collection of trophies: not the horns or skins of animals, but many reels of film. These trophies, which were by no means easily won, later interested the most distinguished audience in Britain.

My companion was an old friend, Colonel J. L. (now Sir James) Sleeman, who was then Chief Commissioner for the St. John Ambulance Brigade Overseas. He was staying at Jinja, which was my headquarters as Provincial Commissioner of Uganda's Eastern Province. Having already been granted a fortnight's leave, I was able to escort him on a photographic safari.

I took my head personal servant and my driver as staff for us both, but as it happened I did all the driving myself except for five miles or so. During that short distance my friend, who had kindly volunteered to share the driving but was not accustomed to our loose-surfaced roads, managed to skid our shooting-brake almost completely round back to front three times, the third time bringing it to a halt on the rim of an unpleasantly deep quarry.

This was enough for me—and for him too, I think—so I took the wheel again and kept it.

We drove to Mohokya and on to Katwe on the north-east corner of Lake Edward, photographing as we went. We had set up our camp near Katwe, and were walking back to it when we were met by some excited Africans armed with spears who brought the news that one of their party had been gored by a buffalo in the crater valley where they had to go to obtain their firewood.

I returned to camp for my rifle, and J.L.S. and I set out with the Africans in the car for the place indicated by them.

We were able to drive all the way, as we were led into the crater country in the foothills where the ground is hard and the grass only waist high. When we were fairly close to the crater described by our guides as the buffalo lair, we let them go in search while J.L.S. and I went in another direction.

Abandoned Caution

We came upon a small herd of buffaloes grazing in the short grass quite close to the crater that was said to be our objective. There was no sign of our guides. J.L.S. wanted to get within photographic range, and, as I could see no evidence of anything aggressive, I told him to go on alone to the last piece of cover, while I kept watch on the behaviour of the buffaloes; the fewer people the better when stalking game.

He reached the end of the cover—and then seemed to abandon all caution and started walking out into the open. It was as if he were so intent on his photography that he had forgotten to take cover.

There was no time for me to go back to the car to get my rifle, so I went on towards him, intending to yell at the buffaloes if necessary. At that moment they all got our wind and raised their heads, staring at us in the awe-inspiring way they have. J.L.S. looked back at me as if to say, "For heaven's sake fire a shot over them"—and then, for the first time, he

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

MR. TRUNK planted a number of trees in his garden, about fifteen feet from the house of his neighbour, Mr. Home. Some years later, the trees had flourished to such an extent that their roots had reached Home's house, and caused a settlement in it by shifting the subsoil. Home did not know about these roots.

Later, the soil shifted again and the roots damaged the foundations of Home's house; the house itself was threatened and the cost of repairs was estimated at hundreds of pounds.

When Home discovered the cause of the trouble, he sued Trunk for trespass and nuisance, claiming an injunction to get rid of the trees or have their roots removed.

"The facts are clear," said Home angrily in court. "Trunk's trees have caused me worry and financial loss. No man has the right to use his land so as to cause this type of damage. Trunk has done so deliberately, and has no excuse."

"I am sorry for Home," replied Trunk in his defence, "but I can accept no responsibility for what has happened. To grow trees is a natural and proper use of land. I might be liable if I brought dangerous things into my garden, and they caused Home damage, but there is nothing dangerous in a tree.

"The spread of the roots was unfortunate, but it is not the sort of thing for which he can recover damages. If I had set out to harm him, it might be different; but there is no harm in growing trees."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 50

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OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

realized I had nothing to shoot with.

All I could do was to shout and wave my hat, and persuade the colonel that we should retire with calm, military precision. That did not prevent him from filming the staring buffaloes —"somewhat mechanically," according to his own over-modest account—before they also retreated, in most unmilitary order, stampeding towards the crater.

I had just time to run to the car and get my rifle as the buffaloes hesitated on the crater's rim. I had promised our porters meat, and as the herd crashed down a steep track between huge boulders I fired at the last bull. He hurtled down over a ledge and landed with a thud on the grass below.

We rushed down, only to find that he had gone; there was blood spoor at the edge of a tunnel the herd had made in dense undergrowth.

Adopting my usual tactics, I did not follow immediately on their tracks but went off to a flank where I could see them if they passed a more open place beyond the first patch of forest in the bed of the crater. Eventually I saw them as they paused a little way up the far side of the crater—and there was no wounded bull among them.

That left me with the most unenviable job a hunter ever has to do—search for my wounded victim.

Cautiously I followed the tracks, with my rifle cocked and ready. I began to think that the wounded one had taken another route; but as I approached the last clump of bush the matter was put beyond all doubt.

With a loud bellow, out came the buffalo straight at me, and I only had time to fire from the hip.

I got him in the chest when he was all but on the muzzle of my rifle; he was, indeed, so close that one of his horns almost got into the sleeve of my shirt as he stumbled past me before falling dead.

As I saw him fall, I was astonished to hear, from not far beyond that same clump of bush, the unmistakable voice of J.L.S. I had taken it for granted that he would be having a grandstand view of the whole show from the lip of the crater. It never occurred to me that such a highly experienced big game hunter, well aware of the infinite cunning and viciousness of a wounded buffalo, would have had the temerity to stay in the crater unarmed.

It turned out that he had very gallantly come down in the hope of helping me. Fortunately the buffalo did not get his scent until the last minute, and that was why it came out of the thicket on my side instead of his—but it was an appalling risk.

The next day we left Katwe and travelled south to the beautiful station of Kabale, en route for the Congo. There we had no close encounters with any dangerous game while photographing; our only hair-raising experience was on the road through part of the vast Ituri forest. It was about 6 p.m., and quite chilly in the gloom of the forest. My thoughts were inclining towards the welcome sight of a stimulating sundowner in half an hour or so.

I even accelerated slightly as these thoughts got the better of me, and it was owing to the increase of speed that I came round a bend of the road less cautiously than I should have done.

My first impression was that the highway was completely blocked by a herd of elephants; then it was apparent that only one was on the road, the others being on the grass verges each side or emerging from the forest.

Drove At Elephants

J.L.S. had been dozing, and he opened his eyes to see, in his own words, "the vast hindquarters of an elephant, so close to the car window that I could have slapped it had I been so minded."

Knowing these elephants by repute, I did not stop to inquire after their health. I put my foot down and went for it. I managed to dodge the huge brute on the road, but there was a margin of only a few feet between him and the others on the verge. It was a close call indeed.

An hour later, in the comfort and warmth of the hotel, our luck in the circumstances was even more deeply impressed upon us when we heard from the proprietor that this herd of elephants had recently become very aggressive and had destroyed a car a few days previously, the occupants escaping by climbing the nearest trees, where they spent the night.

So our safari ended with only two shots fired and one animal killed, and nothing for the taxidermist; but few hunting trophies have received such distinguished admiration as my friend's reels of film.

On returning to England, J.L.S. had the honour of showing his film of the safari to Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal Family, in the throne room at Buckingham Palace.

NEXT WEEK: I stalk death in a crocodile lake

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 49, the judge said that although it is not wrong to grow trees, a man may not do so in such circumstances as to harm his neighbour. Those circumstances were present in this case. Clearly, Trunk had caused the damage by the infiltration of his trees' roots into Home's land. Home won his case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

PENSION for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS!

LATEST "Bulleteer" to win the choice of a Pension plus £250 cheque or lump sum of £750 was Mr. C. G. Pearce (Flat 15, Bourne Apartments, Bath Road, Bournemouth). The *Bullet* which scored for him was this neat comment on road casualties: DOCTOR SPRING—AND ROAD'S *Blacker* "BAG"?

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

The Churchill Story	Shilly-shallying
Good For Britain	On A Horse
Voice Of The Church	It's Foolish, But
Sunnier Days	Too Strong
On History's Canvas	Getting Adventurous
A Terrible Thing	Short And Sharp And
Music While We Work	Begrudged
In His Kit-bag	To Keep Alfie Quiet
Victory For Common Sense	With A Tin-opener
Those Martians	Popped Up From Nowhere

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

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1,986

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I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

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OTHER AWARDS. £10: L. Pemberton, 12 Dane Road, St. Leonards, Sussex: OUT IN THE COUNTRY—PLANT "PIP"—IT *Dies*! £9: Mrs. M. Riggins, 469 Gallowgate, Glasgow: LIFE'S HILLS—HAVE "RIDGES"—RIVERS, "BRIDGES." £8: N. D. Dobbs, 159 Clitherow Avenue, London, W.7: MESSAGE FOR MANKIND — SHED "ARMOUR"—SHARE "PLATE"! £7: Mrs. E. J. Selleck, 1 Wotter Villas, Wotter, Plymouth: SUCH A LOVELY FEAST—IF *World* WAS "APPLE-PIE"! £6: H. Pearl, 42 Craneswater Avenue, Southsea, Hants: BOY ON A BIKE—ENVIED, SIGHING "HOME, JAMES!" £5: R. A. Bebb, 2 Lower Rock Terrace, Ynysybwl, Pontypridd: WITH A FACE LIKE DAD'S—WHAT'S BABY *Chuckling* ABOUT? £5: G. McKinnie, 10 Woodlands Crescent, Falkirk: SUCH A LOVELY HEART—FOREMAN'S GOT—*Tattooed*!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 25 Prizes of £1 and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated May 28 and in JOHN BULL dated June 4), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 21, for early new of *Bullets* No. 1,986 result.)

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